



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

## Extracts from Notices.

*The Churchman, New York, says:—*

"This magazine is so well known that it hardly needs at this late day any extended commendation. Each number is in itself a photograph, so to speak, of contemporary foreign literature, all the best articles from the foreign magazines and reviews being republished. Any library possessing a full set of *THE LIVING AGE* has on its shelves a perfect reproduction of the best English thought for the past forty years and more."

*The Congregationalist, Boston, says:—*

"A wise judgment is displayed in the selection of its contents, which are varied and entertaining while also solid and permanently useful. Among all its rivals it pursues its way tranquilly and successfully. We do not know where to look for its equal in its own line."

*The Presbyterian Banner, Pittsburgh, says:—*

"Its immense proportions—four large volumes every year—do not constitute its chief merit; for were these volumes trash, the more there were the worse it would be. But the contents of *THE LIVING AGE* are culled with rare taste and excellent judgment from the vast and rich field of European periodical literature. It is thus, for readers of limited leisure or purse, the most convenient and available means of possessing themselves of the very best results of current criticism, philosophy, science, and literature. Nor is the selection of its articles one-sided, but with impartial justice the various phases of modern thought are presented as set forth by their most distinguished exponents. The foremost writers of the time in every department are represented on its pages."

*The Christian at Work, New York, says it is*

"The best of all the works of its kind. It represents in the fullest sense the high-water mark of the best literature of the times. It is the cream of all that is good. Embracing as it does the choicest literature of the magazines and reviews of the day, culled with a discrimination and judgment that is most remarkable, it is one of the most interesting and valuable publications of the times. It is a complete library in itself. We cannot note a single point where improvement could be made; and yet it does seem to grow better, richer, and more valuable with every issue. With this publication alone, a man ought to be able to keep well abreast of the literary current of the times."

*The New-York Observer says:—*

"It would be difficult to select a choicer library than that which is found in the volumes of *THE LIVING AGE*."

*The Christian Intelligencer, New York, says:—*

"It is indispensable to busy men and women who wish to know the course and achievements of the literature of Great Britain."

*Zion's Herald, Boston, says:—*

"It becomes more and more necessary, as well as valuable, as the field of periodical literature broadens. It has no peer."

*The American Christian Review, Cincinnati, says:—*

"This magazine is by all odds the finest literary production of the times. When it arrives we lay aside all other literary matter until we have feasted our mind on its rich and racy fare. It is indispensable to our weekly repast of reading. We always expect to find in its teeming pages something fresh and original, and of more than ordinary worth, which we find nowhere else in all the domain of literature."

*The Southern Churchman, Richmond, says:—*

"If we could get but one magazine, we would get this."

*The Christian Advocate, New York, says:—*

"It deserves its age, and the affection which it has earned."

*The Observer, St. Louis, Mo., says:—*

"It is certainly the most valuable weekly published."

*The Living Church, Chicago, says:—*

"It is simply invaluable, bringing to us as it does, week by week, the very cream of all the current literature of the day."

*The New-York Tribune says:—*

"Its pages teem with the choicest literature of the day, selected with wide knowledge and admirable tact, and furnishing a complete introduction to the best thoughts of the best writers whose impress is deeply stamped upon the characteristics of the age. No reader who makes himself familiar with its contents can lack the means of a sound literary culture."

*The Times, Philadelphia, says:—*

"In no other form can so much thoroughly good reading be got for so little money: in no other form can so much instruction and entertainment be got in so small a space."

*The Philadelphia Inquirer says:—*

"When one is confined to the choice of but one magazine out of the brilliant array which the demands of the time have called into existence, it is indeed an injustice to one's self not to make selection of *Littell's Living Age*, wherein is condensed what is most valuable of the best of the time."

*The North American, Philadelphia, says:—*

"It affords the best, the cheapest, and most convenient means of keeping abreast with the progress of thought in all its phases."

*Every Evening, Wilmington, Del., says:—*

"Each number of *THE LIVING AGE* proves how truly the thought of the age finds its keenest expression and latest development in periodicals. Not to keep up with them is to be outside the intellectual world."

*The Courier, Lowell, Mass., says:—*

"If one wishes to keep abreast of the intellectual march of mankind, he not only should, but must, read regularly *THE LIVING AGE*."

*The Richmond Whig says:—*

"If a man were to read *THE LIVING AGE* regularly, and read nothing else, he would be well informed on all prominent subjects in the general field of human knowledge."

*The Albany Argus says:—*

"It is edited with great skill and care, and its weekly appearance gives it certain advantages over its monthly rivals."

*The Cincinnati Gazette says it is*

"As much in the forefront of eclectic publications as at its start forty years ago."

*The Montreal Gazette says it is*

"Remarkably cheap for the quality and amount of reading furnished."

*The Indianapolis Journal says it*

"Grows better as the years roll on."

*The Boston Journal says:—*

"To turn over these richly laden pages is to expose one's self to a perpetual temptation to pause and read some suggestive or striking essay, sketch, or poem. Excellent discrimination is shown in the selections,—for in this, as in all editing, the crucial test is the knowing what not to print,—and the result is that the reader of *THE LIVING AGE* has the best of the foreign literature wisely sifted and brought before him in a very convenient shape."

*The Commonwealth, Boston, says:—*

"Whatever is not known and published by the editors of *THE LIVING AGE* is not worth knowing."

*The Hawk-Eye, Burlington, Iowa, says:—*

"It has no rival. And if but one magazine can be read, this should certainly be the choice."

*The Boston Traveller says:—*

"It absolutely seems a work of supererogation to say a word in praise of *THE LIVING AGE*; but it is really so good a thing in its way that we cannot withhold our word of commendation. We have been familiar with its pages for nearly fifty years; and though its earlier contents were variegated and most excellent, better is the end of this thing than the beginning."

*The Commercial Advertiser, Detroit, says it is*

"The cheapest magazine for the amount of matter published in the United States."

*The Courier-Journal, Louisville, says it is*

"The oldest and the best."

Published Weekly at \$8.00 a year, free of postage.

ADDRESS

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford Street, Boston.







# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume LVIII. }

No. 2236. — April 30, 1887.

{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CLXXIII.

## CONTENTS.

I. INDIA AND THIBET, . . . . .	<i>National Review,</i> . . . . .	259
II. MAJOR LAWRENCE, F.L.S. Part II., . . . .	<i>Murray's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	269
III. HISTORY IN <i>Punch</i> . Conclusion, . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . . . .	284
IV. MAJOR AND MINOR. By W. E. Norris, Part IV., . . . . .	<i>Good Words,</i> . . . . .	291
V. THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review,</i> . . . . .	307
VI. THE MOATED GRANGE, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	312
VII. PLANETARY INFLUENCES, . . . . .	<i>Evening Standard,</i> . . . . .	314
VIII. THE SIGN-LANGUAGE OF EASTERN TRADERS, . . . .	<i>St. James's Gazette,</i> . . . . .	316
IX. THE GERMAN EMPEROR, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	317
X. THE PASSOVER AT JERUSALEM, . . . . .	" <i>Cruise of H.M.S. Bacchante,</i> " . . . .	319

## POETRY.

APRIL, . . . . .	258	PEACE, . . . . .	258
THE PICK OF THE WHELPS, . . . . .	258		
MISCELLANY, . . . . .			320

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 13 cents.

## APRIL.

APRIL has come!  
 And thro' the woodlands, late so dank and bare,  
 And lone and dumb,  
 And in the vales and uplands, everywhere,  
 Breathes the soft zephyr, blows a warmer air—  
 Bringer of Beauty and of radiant Mirth  
 And full-eyed Hope, thro' out the vernal earth;  
 And these sweet airy thoughts, that come and go,  
 Changing my sober mood to frolicsome,  
 And gracious sympathies that lively flow.

By every door  
 And path again beloved forms arise:  
 No more, no more,  
 Whistle the icy winds 'neath ruthless skies;  
 From favor'd slopes I hear frail bleating cries,  
 And quick short starts of song, and twitter-ings;  
 And loud the rookery with clangor rings.  
 O joyous thought! we glide more near the sun,  
 And strikes a warmer shadow on the floor,  
 And all is hast'ning unto Summer noon.

And that pure green—  
 The daintiest green—that comes but once a year,  
 Around is seen  
 In budding grove and hedgerow, glist'ning clear,  
 And in the dewy-tender grassy spear;  
 While the three darling flowers, our child-hood's flowers,  
 Woo'd by the passion of the genial hours,  
 In holm and hollow bloom, and with sweet breath  
 Make fragrant the west wind, which drives, serene,  
 The gorgeous, piled clouds o'er mead and heath.

From shore to shore,  
 The glancing arrows of the western rain  
 Sweep lightly o'er  
 A hundred fields, and thro' the dusty lane,  
 And city street; and lo! o'er hill and plain,  
 Far-stretching, spans the rainbow, gleaming grand,  
 As when the patriarch saw it in the land,  
 Vision and sign celestial; and o'er all  
 Bound the bright shadows, over mount and moor,  
 Joy holding everywhere high festival.

Thro' sunny ways,  
 Sure prophecies in murmurous minors sound  
 Of coming days  
 Of overbrimming joy, when June hath crown'd  
 The year with her gay chaplet, and resound  
 The full-leaved regal woods. And he who goes  
 Slow stepping o'er the fields, and cheerily sows  
 His handfuls broadcast, hears that humming noise  
 With welcome; and the lark, 'mid noontide blaze;  
 Perchance the cuckoo's immemorial voice.

Blow, western gale,  
 With fresh'ning lusty strength, and bear afar,  
 From every vale,  
 And meadow, and bleak height, whate'er can bar  
 The blossom-wreath'd year! Shine, sun and star:  
 Shine, O thou silver sickle, clear and fair—  
 Eve's queenliest jewel—nor our lower air  
 With storm and havoc charge! So bless the time  
 Which human hearts leap joyously to hail—  
 SPRING, once more glowing in immortal prime.  
 Good Words. ALEX. FALCONER.

## THE PICK OF THE WHEELPS:

## A PICTURE AND AN ALLEGORY.

A RED-ROOFED barn, with open door;  
 Gold strawy litter on the floor;  
 A wire-haired terrier lying by;  
 Six short-tailed puppies romping nigh;  
 The farmer's son, just turned sixteen;  
 A keeper, in brown velvet;  
 A rough-shod ploughboy standing near  
 In quilted smock, a knowing leer  
 O'er-spreading all his rosy face.  
 Accessories about the place,  
 Fowls, bags of grain, the keeper's dog,  
 A gorse-hook, chips and chopping-log—  
 All these, and what your taste doth more  
 Desire, are there in seemly store.  
 But to complete the simple scene  
 The central figure must, I ween,  
 Be pictured now—a little maid,  
 With sad, wet eyes, who seems afraid  
 To lose but one of all her pets—  
 The child of tears and vain regrets!

ALBERT FRANCIS CROSS.

Chambers' Journal.

## PEACE.

WINDS and wild waves in headlong huge com-  
 motion  
 Scud, dark with tempest, o'er the Atlantic's  
 breast;  
 While underneath, few fathoms deep in ocean,  
 Lie peace, and rest.  
 Storms in mid-air, the rack before them sweep-  
 ing,  
 Hurry, and hiss, like furies hate-possessed;  
 While over all white cloudlets pure are sleep-  
 ing  
 In peace, in rest.  
 Heart, O wild heart! why in the storm-world  
 ranging  
 Flit'st thou thus midway, passion's slave  
 and jest,  
 When all so near above, below, unchanging,  
 Are heaven, and rest?  
 Spectator. A. G. B.

From The National Review.  
INDIA AND THIBET.

THERE may not, at a first glance, seem any necessary connection between the constitution of Thibet and the problem of commercial intercourse with its inhabitants. That constitution is, however, so peculiar, that some perception of it is essential if we would realize the position. The great reform in Thibetan Buddhism out of which it has been developed is, of course, familiar to students of Eastern literature; but a few words of recapitulation will not be out of place, to clear the ground for the general reader.

Not only had the Buddhism practised in Thibet become strongly tainted, in the fourteenth century, with the heresies that had corrupted its purity in India; but "both the people and their native sovereigns were dominated by an hereditary priesthood, who had engrafted on the Buddhist doctrine of monasticism and celibacy a supplementary religious code, in which Brahminical ideas were distinctly apparent."\* To rectify these abuses, and advocate a return to the earlier and purer doctrines of the faith, there arose, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, a young priest named Tsung Kaba, who, issuing from an obscure monastery on the confines of China and Thibet, witnessed during his lifetime the complete overthrow of the influence of the Sakia priesthood, and the substitution of his own doctrines for those hitherto in vogue. So great, indeed, was his success that he was able, at his death, to bequeath his influence to his two principal disciples—called respectively the Dalai Lama and Panshen Lama—whose successors have come to be hierarchs of Thibet; and not only so, but the belief has come to prevail that the soul of Tsung Kaba himself passed into the former, "and that the imperishable spirits of both are born and reborn again into the world in perpetual succession."†

Hence the well-known fact that, as soon as either dies, search is made to discover the child into whose body the spirit has passed; and that child becomes Dalai or Panshen Lama, keeping up the continuity of the succession. It is necessary to keep in mind these well-known features of the Thibetan creed, in order to explain the origin of the dual government which has been founded on the religious conception.

The revolution out of which that government was finally elaborated, occurred in 1746. Native sovereigns, owing fealty to China, had still held a more or less nominal sway over Thibet up to that time; but a revolt which broke out in the middle of the eighteenth century led to their complete abolition, and to the placing of the entire government in the hands of the Dalai Lama under the supreme control of two Chinese residents (called Amban), who became in reality regents of Thibet. It was, perhaps, natural that to the senior of the two hierarchs should fall the greater share of influence under the new arrangement; but neither was the other ignored; for, while to the Dalai Lama was allotted the temporal power, to the Panshen Lama was confided the maintenance of the purity of religion. And so, while the former resides in the capital, Lhassa, in the province of U, the latter dwells at the monastery of Teslu Lumbo, near Shigatze in the province of Tsang.

Such then were the conditions which Warren Hastings found existing when he first endeavored, in 1774, to open up intercourse with Thibet; and we may go on now to review the story of that pioneer mission, as Mr. Markham\* has told it in his introduction to the journal of its enterprising chief.

The Himalayan States, in the last century, were far from being so peaceful as at the present day. About the year 1770, especially, they seem to have been in a general turmoil. The Goorkhas, under

\* Illustrations of the Lamaist System in Thibet. By W. F. Meyers.

† I have relied on Mr. Meyers's interesting paper in sketching this account of the remarkable dual papacy which governs Thibet. A highly wrought description of Tsung Kaba's birth and novitiate, and of the tree which grew from his hair, will be found in the Abbé Huc's sparkling pages—he and M. Gabet having stayed some months at the monastery founded on the

spot. Huc seems rather to confuse the attributes of the Panshen Lama with those of an official called Nomen Khan, whom he speaks of as "spiritual emperor." But this is one of the mistakes he makes when trying to define a system of polity he failed to fathom clearly during his short stay in the country.

\* Narrative of the Mission of Bogle to Thibet, etc., with introduction by Clements R. Markham. London, 1876.

Prithi Narayan, had just conquered Nepal; while the little State of Sikhim, crushed between that country and Bhootan, was worried alternately by both. The immediate origin of the episode with which we are now concerned was an invasion of Kooch Behar, in 1772, by a Bhootanese chief named Deb Judhur. The rajah appealed to Calcutta for help, and Hastings despatched a small force under Captain Jones, which drove the Bhootanese back to their hills and forced them to sue for peace. The Teshu Lama hereupon wrote a letter of intercession on their behalf, which gave an opening for further negotiations. The misconduct of the deb was admitted; "but I now," wrote the lama, "take upon myself to be his mediator, and to represent to you that he is dependent on the Dalai Lama who rules this country," and who would be annoyed if the campaign against him were pressed. With far-sighted statesmanship, Hastings at once acquiesced; and, having thus gratified the lama, proceeded to follow up the step he had gained. He came to terms with the deb, and despatched a young civil servant named Bogle, accompanied only by Dr. Hamilton and one Purungir Gosain, to visit the Teshu Lama and open up commercial relations, if possible, with Thibet. Bogle set out in 1774, travelling by way of Kooch Behar to Tassisudon, the capital of Bhootan; concluded a satisfactory agreement with the deb; and pursued his journey into Thibet by way of Parijong, in the autumn of the same year. It was, as we have seen, to the Teshu Lama that he was accredited; but news of his approach was, of course, communicated by the latter to Lhasa, the political capital of the country. The Dalai Lama was at the time a child, and the government in the hands of a regent, who seems to have assumed an attitude unfriendly to the mission — so much so that the Teshu Lama wrote, in deference to his wish, desiring that it would return to India. Bogle, however, persisting in his object, the Teshu Lama wrote again to Lhasa, representing that the English had stayed hostilities against Bhootan at his request; and the regent then consented to his reception, but re-

fused to allow him to come to Lhasa, and neglected to answer his letters, though he received his servants and accepted some trifling presents. The Teshu Lama, however, who was staying at the time at Desheripgay, on the north of the Tsanpo, received him in a most friendly manner, and took him back to Teshu Lumbo, where quarters were given him in the monastery and every consideration was shown him. A very cordial personal friendship, in fact, sprang up between Bogle and his host; so much so that something nearer akin to grief than to regret seems to have been felt at parting, and hopes were expressed on both sides of meeting again.\* No great political progress was, however, made, owing to the jealousy of the regent, whom Bogle seems to have thought under the influence of the Chinese residents, but of whom the Teshu Lama said that he was narrow-minded, and that more could probably be done in a year or two, when the Dalai Lama would assume the reins of power. "You know," he said, in bidding Bogle good-bye, "what difficulty I had about your coming into the country, and how I had to struggle with the jealousy of Gesub Rimboché and the people at Lhasa. Even now they are uneasy at my having kept you so long. I am in hopes my letter to the lama will have a good effect in removing this jealousy, and I expect in a year or two that the government of the country will be in the Dalai Lama's hands, when I will inform the governor, and he may then send an Englishman to me and to the Dalai Lama." Communications had, however, he added, better pass through native hands in the mean time.

Bogle returned to India in 1775, and

\* "The Teshu Lama repeated his concern at my departure, the satisfaction he had received in being informed of the customs of Europe, and concluded with many wishes for my prosperity, and that he would not fail to pray to heaven on my behalf. He spoke all this in a manner and with a look very different from the studied and formal compliments of Hindustan. I never could resign myself to taking a last leave of anybody; and what from the lama's pleasant and amiable character, what from the many favors and civilities he had shown me, I could not help being particularly affected. He observed it, and, in order to cheer me, mentioned his hope of seeing me again. He threw a handkerchief about my neck, put his hand upon my head, and I retired." (Bogle's Journal.)

was about to set out on a fresh mission to Thibet in 1777, when news came that the Teshu Lama had been summoned to Peking. It was hoped that even this diversion might turn out advantageously, as it was arranged that Bogle should meet his friend at the Chinese capital, and return with him possibly to Lhasa; but a double calamity came out to defeat that purpose. The lama died at Peking\* in November, 1780, and Bogle died at Calcutta in April, 1781.

The check was regrettable, but Hastings was not easily discouraged. News reached Calcutta in 1782 that the infant re-embodiment of the Teshu Lama had been discovered; and he thereon despatched Captain Turner to congratulate the new lama, and renew the previous friendly intercourse. Following Bogle's route across Bhootan, Turner reached Teshu Lumbo in September, 1783. He found the late lama's brother acting as regent, and experienced from him a very friendly reception. He was allowed an interview with the infant lama, who impressed him by an intelligence and dignity of bearing which almost seem to confirm the assurance of the Thibetans that he could understand everything, though he could not yet speak,† and returned to India at the end of the year.

This was, however, destined to be the last chapter of the volume which Hastings had so cleverly opened. His career as governor of India closed in 1785, and with his departure the whole scheme of border policy which he had inaugurated collapsed. Boiling over still, apparently, with the turbulence which had impelled them to the conquest of Nepaul, the Goorkhas determined, in 1792, to proceed to an invasion of Thibet. The excuse was some question of debased currency; the real motive, apparently, a desire to possess themselves of riches stored in Teshu Lumbo, about which their imagination had been fired by the tales of a refugee monk. The Goorkha army, eighteen

thousand strong, marched from Khatmandu to Teshu Lumbo with extraordinary rapidity, and took and sacked the palace without meeting any resistance. The regent fled to Lhasa with the young lama, and despatched urgent entreaties for help to Peking. The Chinese sent an envoy to demand restitution, and, on receipt of a defiant reply, despatched an army of seventy thousand men under General Sun Fo to punish the invaders. The general seems to have acted with remarkable energy. He defeated the Goorkha army in a pitched battle, overtook and defeated them again at the entrance to the passes, and followed them into Nepaul. The fugitives rallied twenty miles from their capital, but Sun Fo gained another decisive victory, which closed the campaign, in September of the same year.\* The Nepaulese had to restore their plunder, and to promise to send an embassy with tribute to Peking every five years.

British policy, throughout the entire episode, seems to have been pitifully weak. We might, as Mr. Markham suggests,† have endeavored to control the Goorkhas at the outset, thus earning the gratitude of Thibet and obviating the Chinese expedition which entailed the subsequent isolation. But Lord Cornwallis did nothing. To an appeal from the Nepaulese for help, he replied that we were too much interested in commerce with the Chinese to oppose them; but offered mediation, and made a similar proposal in reply to a letter from the Dalai Lama acquainting him with the Chinese victory. He did actually send Colonel Kirkpatrick to Khatmandu with this object, but the Chinese general had already settled matters his own way; he had closed the passes into Thibet against natives of India, and closed they have remained to the present day.

\* It is curious to note that the Chinese general had with him leathern artillery, which, although it only stood some half-dozen rounds and then burst, served him admirably in the mountains from its portability. During this last battle it is reported that he fired his guns into his own army from the rear, to drive them against the Nepaulese. His losses, both on this occasion and throughout the whole march through the snowy range, were fearful, but his numbers carried him through.

† Narrative of Bogle's Mission, introduction, etc., *ut supra*.

\* The Lama seems to have been accompanied to Peking by Purungir Gosain, who stayed for a time afterwards at Teshu Lumbo with the regent, and was eventually dismissed with most friendly messages.

† An Account of an Embassy to the Court of the Teshu Lama in Thibet. By Captain Samuel Turner.



The opportunity was missed. "We had lost all the fruits of Hastings's policy, together with the friendship of the lamas; we had excited the jealous suspicion of the Chinese, and the scorn of the Nepaulese."

And here the matter practically rested, till the occurrence, in 1884, of a fresh quarrel between Nepaul and Thibet called fresh attention to the subject. For nearly one hundred years the prohibition imposed by the Chinese general had been maintained; and the Himalayas continued to be a social as well as a geographical barrier between India and Thibet. Inter-course of some sort was kept up, through the medium of the Himalayan States. Some Indian goods found their way into Thibet, and some Thibetan products filtered through into India; but the difficulties of transport and the weight of transit charges prevented any considerable trade, while the prejudices of the lamas combined to direct that actually existing through Nepaul, instead of allowing it to pass along the shorter route through Sikhim. So rigidly was the exclusion enforced that it was thought a triumph of enterprise when certain pundits,\* trained by the Indian Geographical Department, succeeded in crossing the frontier under the guise of merchants, and obtaining some knowledge of the great forbidden land. Cooper's plucky attempts † to make his way across the frontier, both from China and Assam, and Prejevalsky's later experiments from the north are familiar to us all. But to all these attempts the yellow-robed followers of Tsung Kaba, who appear to have inherited the full influence of their red-capped predecessors,‡ have opposed a successful resistance. And the Chinese, holding Thibet by a

loose tie, and caring chiefly for peace, have acquiesced in (if they did not inspire) a policy that was far from shocking their own instincts.

The time was, however, at hand when the selfishness and greed of these sectarians were to furnish a weapon against their own ascendancy. There is held every New Year, in Lhasa, a kind of carnival, during which the ministers of state practically resign their duties into the hands of the great lamaserics.\* In 1884, the monks of the Debang Monastery, which seems one of the largest in the capital, took advantage of the opportunity to plunder certain Nepaulese traders to the extent, it was said, of half-a-million sterling. The Nepaulese government demanded full restitution, which the Thibetans refused. Nepaul prepared for war; and the mediation of the Chinese residents barely succeeded in effecting a compromise. About the same time, and with the idea possibly of closing the whole southern frontier under stress of Nepaulese threats, the Thibetans also stopped trade through Sikhim to Darjeeling; and the government of Bengal thereupon deputed Mr. Colman Macaulay to visit the frontier and ascertain the real position of affairs.

It will serve to elucidate the position if we stay here, for a moment, to examine the position of Sikhim as a sort of disjunctive conjunction between India and Thibet, and the circumstances which have brought it into prominence in the recent negotiations.

There appear to be three principal passes into the section of Thibet which, driven down like a wedge between Sikhim and Bhootan, offers the readiest access from India to the interior. The southernmost (the Jeylep) lies nearest to Darjeeling; the Parijong, on the east, was traversed by Bogle on his way from Bhootan. It was part of Mr. Macaulay's mission to ascertain the possibility of making a road up the Lachen valley to a third pass, called Kongralama, on the west; and it was here, seemingly, that he met the gov-

\* General Walker, late surveyor general of India, has recently done justice to the achievements of these gentlemen, in a paper entitled "Four Years' Journeys through Great Thibet, etc.," read before the Royal Geographical Society in December, 1884.

† *Travels of a Pioneer of Commerce in Pigtail and Petticoats.* By T. T. Cooper.

‡ The temptation is irresistible to quote, here, the exquisite bit of satire in which Bogle summarizes the great Tsong-Kaban reformation: "It may be necessary to state that there are two sects of clergy in Thibet distinguished by, and classed under, the names of Yellow Caps and Red Caps. . . . In times of old there were violent disputes between them, in which the Yellow Caps got the victory, as well by the assistance of the Tartars as by their superior sanctity. But as I adhere to the tenets of this sect, and have acquired my knowledge of religion from its votaries, I will not here say much upon the subject lest it should be thought spiteful. I may be allowed, however, just to mention two things which must convince every unprejudiced person of the wicked lives and false doctrines of the Red Caps. In the first place many of the clergy marry; and in the next they persist, in opposition to religion and common sense, in wearing red caps."

\* Huc confirms this abdication of the executive power. On the third day (he says) of the new year, innumerable bands of lamas from all the neighboring monasteries rush into Lhasa, where they stay six days, the ostensible object being to visit the celebrated Morou Monastery. "Pendant ce temps les tribunaux sont fermés, le cours ordinaire de la justice est suspendu, les ministres et les fonctionnaires publics perdent en quelque sorte leur autorité, et toute la puissance du Gouvernement est abandonnée à cette armée formidable de religieux bouddhistes." The result is great disorder, and occasional rioting and fighting. (*Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans le Thibet et la Tartarie*, Huc, vol. ii., cap. viii.)

ernor of Kombajong, into whose district this third route gives outlet. It may be added that all three roads appear to concentrate on Gyantze, whence they again diverge — north-westward to Shigatze, the city of the Teshu Lama, and north-eastward to Lhassa, the capital city of Thibet.

Wedged in between Nepal on the one side, and Bhootan on the other, Sikhim sits astride the best road and the most natural line of communication between Darjeeling and Lhassa. Like its neighbors, its policy has always been closely dependent on that of Thibet. The rajah, indeed, resides during six months of the year in Thibetan territory, passing only the remaining six in his own capital, Tumloong. Like its neighbors, also, Sikhim claimed authority, in days gone by, over a considerable tract of the fertile Himalayan slopes; but, like them, has been pushed back, and punished by successive confiscations for the raids which its subjects were wont to perpetrate on adjacent British territory. Darjeeling itself, with all the (then jungle-covered) hills now occupied by the great tea-gardens which contribute yearly increasing subsidies to the Indian crop, was once Sikhimese territory; though it had long passed under British administration when the ill-advised arrest, in 1850, of two Englishmen (Drs. Campbell and Hooker) who had ventured on an expedition into the mountains, led to the confiscation of the rental that had been so far paid. Even that lesson, however, and the withholding of twenty-three thousand rupees which had been paid in annual compensation for some previously annexed territory, failed to restrain the marauding habits of the people; and a fresh expedition became necessary, eleven years later, which placed our relations with Sikhim on the present footing. That expedition, commanded by Colonel Gawler, and accompanied by Mr. Ashley Eden as special envoy, occupied Tumloong, and imposed a treaty whose most important provisions were permission to English subjects to circulate freely through Sikhim, the encouragement of trade with India, reduction of the exorbitant transit dues which had been previously exacted on merchandise passing between India and Thibet, and the construction, to facilitate that trade, of the very road whose obstruction at the Jeylep Pass gave occasion for Mr. Macaulay's visit.

Once only, it would seem, since Hastings's day, had any meeting occurred between British and Thibetan officials, and that only incidentally, on the threshold of

Thibet. The rajah of Sikhim having taken occasion, in 1873, to visit the lieutenant-governor of Bengal, at Darjeeling, Mr. Edgar was deputed in the autumn to return the visit. The rajah was then staying in Thibet, and Mr. Edgar offered to follow him thither; but the governor of Parijong, who met him on the frontier, pleaded the Chinese interdict against intercourse. The impression left, however, on Mr. Edgar's mind — as with those who preceded and followed him — seems to have been that the Thibetans themselves were far from being indisposed to friendly intercourse; but the governor, of course, was bound by his instructions. The rajah, who came into Sikhim to meet Mr. Edgar, concurred with his ministers in saying that the key of the situation was at Peking. Let a declaration be obtained from Peking that the obstacles now put in the way of intercourse were unauthorized, and the hands of our well-wishers would be strengthened to break down the barrier.

Like his predecessor, Mr. Macaulay experienced a friendly greeting; but he, equally with Mr. Edgar, encountered the *non-possumus* of political tradition. The Teshu Lama had died just before his visit, and nothing seemed more natural to the Thibetans than that Bogle's successor should ask about the re-embodiment of Bogle's friend; but not even these amenities could lessen the force of the interdict. The regent sent a cordial reply to the letter which Mr. Macaulay despatched to him, and wrote to the viceroy in equally friendly terms; but the solution of the frontier question was alleged to lie, now as formerly, at Peking. And to Peking, accordingly, it was resolved to turn. An effort should be made to take up the threads again where Warren Hastings had dropped them, and Mr. Macaulay was entrusted with the conduct of the negotiations.

Fortunately for his chances of success, the ground was somewhat prepared on the Chinese as well as on the Thibetan side. The growing desire to penetrate Thibet, and open up intercourse with its people, had found an echo in the British Legation at Peking; and Sir Thomas Wade had taken the precaution, in negotiating the Chefoo Convention of 1876, to append the following clause: —

Her Majesty's Government, having it in contemplation to send a mission of exploration next year by way of Peking through Kansuh and Kokonor or by way of Szechuen, to Thibet and thence to India, the Tsungli Ya-

men, having due regard to the circumstances, will, when the time arrives, issue the necessary passports, and will address letters to the High Provincial Authorities and to the Residents in Thibet. If the mission should not be sent by these routes, but should be proceeding across the Indian frontier to Thibet, the Tsungli Yamen, on receipt of a communication to that effect from the British Minister, will write to the Chinese Resident in Thibet; and the Resident, with due regard to the circumstances, will send officers to take due care of the mission, and passports for the mission will be issued by the Tsungli Yamen, that its passage be not obstructed.\*

No step having yet been taken to make this clause available, it might perhaps have been held, in literal strictness, to have lapsed; but the delay in ratifying the convention, caused by difficulties about the opium agreement, had no doubt something to do with the neglect; besides, we were on excellent terms with China, and had every reason to anticipate that our overtures would be well received. The ratification, therefore, of the convention in the summer of 1885 having removed the last hitch in its validity, and it having no doubt been ascertained by private inquiry that the way before him was fairly clear, Mr. Macaulay was sent to Peking in the autumn of that year, to obtain the sanction of the Chinese government to the prosecution of the enterprise. An inkling of his purpose had, however, filtered through the passes, and there had been time for the voice of Lhasa conservatism to make itself heard at the imperial capital. Mr. Macaulay found the grand secretary, Li Hung-chang, who had acted as plenipotentiary in negotiating the convention, well disposed to forward his views; but the ministers of the Tsung-li Yamen were inclined to raise difficulties. A report had, they said, been received from the Chinese resident at Lhasa, alleging that the Thibetan people were hostile to the project, and begging that the exclusion might be maintained; of what use would it be to issue passports in face of such opposition? The excuse is such a stereotyped one, where Chinese officials wish "not to do it," that a suspicion might have been justified as to the precise origin of the demurrer. The fact was, however, as we shall see hereafter, that the senior Chinese resident had been persuaded to play this card in the interest of the Lama faction; though neither the Chinese government, presumably, nor Mr.

Macaulay himself was aware at the time of the precise influences at work. The latter was able, however, from his experience, to urge a counter-statement that may have sufficed to give a hint of the position. While representations were being made from Lhasa to Peking that the Thibetans were hostile, the Thibetans had declared to him that it was China which was obstructive, and had shown him, at the frontier, a Chinese placard prohibiting intercourse. The ministers at once denied responsibility for this device, and vindicated their own good faith by promising to give the passports sought, and to write to Lhasa that "the mission was sent to establish relations of amity, to promote commercial intercourse between India and Thibet, and to be the bearer of messages of friendship and respect to the Dalai Lama, in all of which objects it had the concurrence and support of the imperial government."\* The resident was also instructed to issue proclamations at the frontier and elsewhere, to remove any suspicion that the emperor was unfavorable to the entry of British subjects into Thibet. Everything appeared satisfactorily settled. It was resolved to defer the mission till May, in order to allow ample time for communication with Lhasa; but every preparation was made to start at the time named.

The lamas were not yet, however, at the end of their resources, and we were to have one more lesson in the frequency of slips between the cup and the lip. The *personnel* of the embassy had assembled at Darjeeling, and the intended presents been collected; everything was in readiness for a start, but there was unaccountable delay. Favorable reports were telegraphed from Darjeeling about its probable reception, but still it did not move; and then simultaneously, from Calcutta and from Peking, came rumors of a hitch. The Chinese, while expressing all good wishes for success, feared lest the constitution of the mission should excite opposition; while from India came reports of terror among the Thibetans, and contemplated hostility.

Subsequent information, which has filtered through from both ends of the long line — across the Himalayas on the one side, and through China on the other — enable us to form a tolerably just estimate of what actually occurred. The report that negotiations for the purpose of opening up relations between India and Thibet

\* Special clause attached to the Chefoo Convention of 1876.

\* Correspondence of the *Standard*, Februarj, 1886.

were being seriously revived gave rise, naturally, to much discussion in a capital where questions of foreign intercourse were usually narrowed to relations with the suzerain power or squabbles with Nepal. It appears, so far as can be gathered from the means of information at our disposal, that the bulk of the laity, and a considerable number even of the lamas, were in favor of the proposal; but a powerful section of the latter class—a section largely interested in trade, from which they succeed, at present, in extracting a maximum of profit,\* were opposed to a change which threatened their monopoly; and the influence of the lamas in the ecclesiastical centre of Buddhism is, it may be conceived, predominant. They resorted, as we have seen, to the stereotyped plan of causing it to be represented at Peking that the general feeling in Thibet was hostile to the project. The report seems to have been so contrary to fact, that the junior resident is said to have resigned rather than endorse it; but it had influence at Peking while uncontradicted, and genuine apprehension was felt there lest trouble should arise. Nor were we ourselves without blame. The organization of the mission was too pretentious. It was to comprise, besides Mr. Macaulay, who of course held the position of envoy, Mr. Paul (who had accompanied him to the frontier in the beginning of 1885) as secretary; Colonel Tanner, surveyor; Dr. Oldham, geologist; Dr. Cunningham, naturalist; Dr. Leahy, medical officer; Mr. Warry, of the Chinese Consular Service, as interpreter; Baboo Srutt Chundra Dass, who had already distinguished himself in Thibetan exploration; Captain Elwes, and Captain Gwatkin commanding the escort—which was to consist of some three hundred persons. And the climax was assuredly reached when the under-secretary for India, in his place in Parliament, while admitting that the object of the mission was “to confer with the Chinese commissioners and the Lhasa government as to the resumption of commercial relations between India and Thibet,” could add that, “looking to the delicate nature of the mission, it had not been thought advisable to add a special commercial representative.” Here was a mission having an avowedly commercial

object, about to start with apparently every other but a commercial representative—a mission to an ignorant and superstitious people, to whom the aspect of a theodolite would be more terrifying than a mountain howitzer, composed entirely of scientific men, and accompanied by an escort whose numbers would give it the appearance of an armed reconnaissance rather than a peaceful embassy. It was not so that Bogle opened his approaches; nor can we be surprised if the actual size of the party were exaggerated, and its purpose distorted.

Still, the lamas seem, as a matter of fact, to have had so little confidence in the success of their machinations, that they sent an emissary to meet Mr. Macaulay at the frontier, to try to effect a compromise by inducing him to halt at Gyantze\*—an important trade centre half-way to Lhasa—and enter there upon the negotiations contemplated. So that, faultily constituted as it was, the mission had apparently a fair chance of succeeding if it had persevered. But it never got so far. It never even started. In face of rumors from Lhasa and warnings from Peking, the Chinese and English governments seem to have both taken alarm. News came suddenly that it was countermanded. The escort was recalled, the *personnel* dispersed, the presents were scattered, and the lamas left masters of the situation. And not only so, but the withdrawal was consecrated in a convention,† signed at Peking last July, in the following terms:—

Inasmuch as inquiry into the circumstances by the Chinese Government has shown the existence of many obstacles to the Mission to Thibet provided for in the separate article of the Chefoo Agreement, England consents to countermand the Mission forthwith. With regard to the desire of the British Government to consider arrangements for frontier trade between India and Thibet, it will be the duty of the Chinese Government, after careful inquiry into the circumstances, to adopt measures to exhort and encourage the people with a view to the promotion and development of trade. Should it be practicable, the Chinese Government shall then proceed carefully to consider trade regulations; but if insuperable obstacles should be found to exist, the British Government will not press the matter unduly.

This clause has been criticised as an unnecessary abandonment of the vantage ground provided by the Chefoo agree-

\* Huc confirms the recent testimony from Darjeeling, as to the avarice and usury of the Lamas. “Les Lamas, mis d’abord en possession de la majeure partie du numéraire par les dons volontaires des fidèles, centuplent ensuite leur fortune par des procédés usuraires dont la friponnerie chinoise est elle-même scandalisée.” (Souvenirs etc.)

\* Darjeeling Correspondence of the *Times*.

† Art. IV. of Convention relating to Burmah and Thibet, signed at Peking by Mr. O’Conor (under authority of Lord Rosebery) on 14th July, 1886.

ment; and the event has seemed to justify the critics. Even admitting, it is urged, that there was good reason for not pressing the mission, an explanatory despatch would surely have sufficed, without this formal renunciation. Still, it must be remembered that the main purpose of the convention was to settle the question of British supremacy in Burmah, and we were doubtless unwilling to insist on any matter of secondary importance. It must be remembered, too, that there is here recognized, for the first time, a formal purpose of opening up relations between India and Thibet, and that we have reason to believe the Chinese government sincere in their avowed purpose to forward that design. So that, even if there be room to question the formula employed, the countervailing advantages are material. But if it can be argued that this apparent retreat was really a diplomatic victory, at Peking, the case was otherwise on the Thibetan frontier. Encouraged by their success, the lamas ventured to enter Sikhim, and erect forts across the very road we had so anxiously fostered. By the treaty of 1861, Sikhim was virtually drawn under British protection; and it is not surprising to learn that our prestige throughout the Himalayan region has suffered by our retreat before Thibetan opposition, and the subsequent violation of Sikhimese territory. The rajah is, of course, powerless to expel the intruders, and the duty devolves upon us of accomplishing that task. It would not, probably, involve any great military effort; but forceful measures would hardly conduce to the end we have in view, and it is certain that all peaceful means will be exhausted before such an alternative is faced.

There the matter at present stands. The vantage ground of the Chefoo Convention has been exchanged for the somewhat curiously worded agreement signed, last July, at Peking; the Thibetan passes have been closed rather more tightly than before; and the work must be commenced afresh. Fortunately for the prospect of doing this successfully, China is at present animated by the best disposition towards us, and is herself willing that more light should be let into the dark corners of central Asia where her own statesmen, even, see imperfectly, and where she is every year finding herself in closer contact with the aggressive power of Russia. Whether enlightened by surer private intelligence of her own, or convinced by what we have been able to communicate,

she seems to understand that she has been deceived as to the feeling of the Thibetan people, and to be willing to support a fresh endeavor on our part to reknit the broken skein. The suggestion has been made — and is reported to have Chinese assent, if not to have originated in Peking itself — that the encroachment on Sikhim should be made the ground of a mission to the Dalai Lama, recalling the circumstances of Bogle's mission in 1774, leading up to the point at which that mission was broken off, and endeavoring to advance from that standpoint towards the attainment of our present purpose.

Of the commercial results which may be anticipated from open intercourse, we have fair data on which to prophesy; for a certain amount of trade has, despite all hindrance, been steadily kept up. The route favored by the lamas is, as we have seen, through Nepal; \* but a small and growing trade has also been fostered, since the treaty of 1861 opened the passes of Sikhim. The Darjeeling correspondent of the *Times*, whose telegrams have so well described the movements and motive of the mission, waxes enthusiastic when this portion of the subject is approached. "Everywhere," he exclaims,

we hear complaints of the stagnation of trade. Here is a large market waiting, if we only insist on admission. The Thibetans prize broadcloth above all things; they have begun to learn the use of piece goods, and a demand to which there is hardly any limit is springing up for them. Knives and hardware of all kinds are eagerly sought; they are large consumers of tobacco and indigo; and even with the existing restrictions on trade, the staples are gradually increasing. As regards tea,†

\* A great trade between India and Thibet is said to have been carried on by this route, before the Goorkha conquest of Nepal in 1769; but was almost annihilated by the heavy exactions then imposed, and by subsequent untoward events.

† The following extract from an interesting article which appeared subsequently in the same paper, may serve to throw light on this subject, and to explain one cause of lama hostility: "There is, it must be admitted, one great obstacle in the way of a compromise with China which shall open Thibet to the British trader, and that is the 'brick-tea' monopoly. This strange monopoly is at the bottom of Chinese prejudice and Thibetan hostility, and, when understood, goes far to account for both. The Thibetan has one passion in life — tea. To obtain a sufficiency of this is the great end and aim of his existence. The tea he consumes is not the familiar leaf with which the European markets are supplied; it is a peculiar fermented preparation, highly exhilarating and slightly intoxicating, and is only made in the western part of the province of Sz-chuan. The plant which furnishes it grows on the banks of the Ya-ho. The leaves are gathered when they are about an inch long, moistened with spittle, and rolled into little balls the size of a teacup, and then allowed to ferment. As soon as fermentation has set in they are firmly pressed into moulds shaped like a brick and



the question is not clear; but it is an instructive fact that within 100 miles of Darjeeling is a people which drinks tea morning, noon, and night, which uses practically no other beverage, and yet obtains its supply from districts of China, 1,200 miles away.

With respect to the return trade, the chief articles would be gold, musk, live-stock, and, above all, wool and woollen goods. The quantity of sheep's wool and of the fine wool of the shawl-goat available is prodigious; and it is now almost worthless from the absence of demand. Doubtless other articles of trade would appear as commerce developed. The richest part of Thibet is practically within a stone's throw, and the inhabitants, who are from the highest to the lowest keen traders, are debarred from intercourse with India through sheer ignorance and the tenacity of tradition.

Mr. Macaulay was able, even in the present condition of the roads, to march with a large suite from Kongralama. On the other hand, Shigatz is full thirty days' journey from Khatmandoo, in Nepaul. Yet it will hardly be believed that the greater part of the trade between India and Thibet goes through Nepaul. It is a tedious journey, and duties are levied on goods both on entering and leaving Nepaul. No trade thus handicapped could flourish. We have a railway at Darjeeling. There is then a fortnight's journey at the outside, and no duties are levied in Sikhim. Yet we can do nothing; while the sturdy little Nepaulese and Cashmeres have traders all over Thibet. Even Russian products and fabrics are working into the market, for Russia has a Consul at Urga; but no British subject is allowed to cross the frontier.

It is a little remarkable that a great

dried over a charcoal fire. Thus prepared, the commodity is ready for the Thibetan market. In China the sale of this brick-tea is a strict government monopoly; and as the quantity exported every year is something like eight million pounds, an enormous revenue is derived from Yat-tsoo merchants to whom it is farmed. In Thibet, again, the retail trade is, by law, in the hands of the lamas, or priests; the Thibetan is, therefore, entirely at their mercy, and is made to pay through the nose for his favorite beverage. When ready for market the tea is packed in small boxes containing about twenty pounds, and carried on men's backs two hundred miles to Ta-tsiang-loo. Thence, again, it has to go to Bathang, a sixty days' journey, on yaks, and is finally sold in Thibet at prices ranging from 4s. per pound for the best quality, to 1s. 6d. English money for inferior varieties. As matters are now, and with the existing restrictions on trade along the Thibetan frontier, there is no competition, and no possibility of competition. The Chinese government, the Yat-tsoo merchants, and the lamas share between them a very profitable monopoly. But the Assam tea-planters calculate that, were they allowed facilities for trading such as are now sought, they could lay down the brick-tea at Sudiya, on the Brahmapootra River, at four to six annas per pound, with a good profit to themselves; and as the journey to Bathang, if a fairly good road were made, would only occupy twenty days—as against sixty the other way—they would knock the Chinese out of the market altogether. This is perfectly well understood both at Peking and in Lhasa; and under the circumstances the objection entertained in both quarters to English traders and travellers is quite intelligible."

power like British India should have consented to sit, for so many years, under the sentence of exclusion. It may be, however, that we waited instinctively until the pear was thoroughly ripe. Darjeeling, which is the natural *entrepôt* for Indo-Thibetan trade, has been annexed; Sikhim has been brought under British influence, and thrown open to transit; a railway from Calcutta enables goods to be laid down at the entrance to the Himalayas. Only the artificial barriers erected in 1792 prevent intercourse which the people appear ready to welcome. The maintenance of the obstruction has been attributed to China, and it is too consistent with the former attitude of Chinese statesmen to leave room for doubt that the hostility of the lamas was in sympathy, formerly, with the prejudices of the suzerain power. A great change has, however, come over the councils of Peking; and it is clear, as we have already seen, that we do not, even in Thibet, lack powerful friends; for we have encountered nothing but friendliness and good-will at Teshu Lumbo, while the hostility seems to emanate from Lhasa, the centre of monasticism of a more worldly order. The moment too is propitious, in every sense; for the rapacious conduct of the lamas in the matter of the Nepaulese traders has placed them in disfavor at Peking; and, whatever may have been the attitude of Chinese statesmen in the past, there seems no reason to doubt that we can rely on their co-operation at present.

It seems, however, equally clear that this altered bearing has not yet been impressed on the resident at Lhasa, and that a change of incumbency is badly wanted there to "suit the newer day." Reference has been already made to the relations between Thibet and Bhootan; and it may be instructive to quote, here, from a recent memorial\* by Mr. Sé-leng-o regarding certain occurrences in the latter State, which throws a remarkable light on his attitude towards the Indian government. The following is, in the fewest possible words, the drift of his report.

Some time, apparently, in 1885, two Bhootanese penlos or district governors rebelled against their rajah, with the alleged purpose of offering the country to the English, and got so far the upper

\* Vide *Peking Gazette*, 6th October, 1886.—It is noteworthy that the report was not published in the printed edition of the gazette, but appeared only in the manuscript copy which has a very partial circulation. A full translation will be found in the *North China Herald* of the 1st December.

hand that they beleaguered the prince, and drove certain of his partisans to take refuge in Thibet. He (the resident) sent Chinese and Thibetan officials and troops to restore order; and the rebels melted away at their approach. One of the penlos committed suicide, and the other submitted. The notable features of the case are that the penlos are stated to have relied on English help; that one of the strategic movements of the Chinese commander was to cut off their retreat into India; and that, after general harmony had been restored, "the ruler, head-men, and others . . . declared with one voice that, from that time forward, they were all ready to lay aside their previous enmities, and to join heart and strength with Thibet in resisting the English." Obviously the resident thinks he has attained, here, the highest political triumph; but his tone of jubilant hostility to England will seem, to an English reader, in singular antagonism to the avowedly friendly sentiments of his government. A remarkable point, also, is the occurrence of an avowedly pro-English movement in Bhootan, at the very time the question of intercourse was being revived in Thibet. It looks very much as though the penlos represented a pro-intercourse party, which had the upper hand in Bhootan, but was incontinently extinguished by the Chinese resident at Lhasa, and the lama faction. It is clear that the voice of China, as (supposed to be) expressed by the resident, is a determining influence in Thibet; and it is equally clear that Mr. Sé-leng-o belongs to the old, old school.

It is, of course, difficult to gauge the precise feeling of the Thibetan people; but what we hear from Darjeeling agrees fairly with what we glean from other sources. Huc declares that they are quite free from the exclusive notions which have characterized Chinese policy;\* and that his own expulsion was the work of the Chinese resident, in opposition to the will of the Thibetan regent; and though Huc's opinions must not always be accepted without reserve, it is inconceivable that he can have lied so outrageously as must be the case if his elaborate account of the

regent's personal bearing, and of the circumstances attending his departure, be discredited. The chances are that there are differences of opinion in Thibet as well as elsewhere; and it would be little surprising if there were two parties where power is so curiously divided.

There seems, however, reason to believe that even the Dalai Lama is disposed to welcome our overtures. Everything tends to confirm the impression that opposition is confined to the lamas of Lhasa, who find a willing ally in the Chinese resident, and who refuse at present to allow merchants to pass the frontier without passports, and make it a condition of granting these that the trader should either pay them a large portion of his profits, or should trade with money borrowed from them at enormous percentage.\* To overcome this partial opposition should, with the help China seems now willing to yield, not be insuperably difficult. We have blundered a little, as is not unusual with us, at the outset; but we have made some progress, notwithstanding. We have obtained an assurance of Chinese support, and we have raised the question in an acute form in Thibet. We shall probably succeed better at the next attempt, by help of the information we have gathered.

It is interesting, in the mean time, to trace back the story to Bogle's early mission, and to realize the curious constitution of the country we desire to approach. The circumstances of his adventure, and of Turner's subsequent journey; of the Nepalese invasion of Thibet, and of the Chinese intervention which resulted in the closure of the passes; of our endeavor, in 1861, to open up a commercial route through Sikhim; and of the aggravated obstruction which impelled us, two years ago, to a fresh effort to make that route valid, — these are the leading incidents in the story which has been briefly sketched. Three Europeans only — Huc, Gabet, and Manning — have succeeded in reaching Lhasa during the present century.† This bare allusion only is possible to the latter's remarkable journey; and we have been obliged to content ourselves with the briefest notes from Huc's racy narrative. Natives of India have succeeded from time to time in crossing the frontier; notably the pundit Nain Singh, who is

\* "Les Thibétains ne professent pas à l'égard des autres peuples, ces principes d'exclusion qui font le caractère distinctif de la nation chinoise; tout le monde est admis à Lha-sa; chacun peut aller et venir, se livrer au commerce et à l'industrie, sans que personne s'avise d'apporter la moindre entrave à sa liberté. . . . Il est probable que les Anglais ne seraient pas plus repoussés que les autres des frontières du Thibet, si leur marche envahissante dans l'Indoustan n'avait inspiré une légitime terreur au Talé Lama." (Souvenirs, etc., Huc, vol. ii., cap. vi.)

\* Darjeeling correspondence of the *Times*.

† Vide Narrative of Bogle's Mission, etc., and of Manning's Journey to Lhasa, Manning not only reached Lhasa alone (except for a Chinese servant and a native moonshee) and unaided, but had an interview (in 1812) with the Dalai Lama, then a child of seven.

now living in retirement on lands granted to him by the government in reward for his services, and Baboo Srutt Chundra Dass, who succeeded in penetrating Lhassa itself, and who was to have been associated with the abandoned mission. But against Europeans — with the exception of the three just named — whether approaching from the Indian or the Chinese side, the frontiers have remained sealed. Blakiston tried to reverse the Abbé Huc's route, after the last China war; but failed to reach even the frontier. Cooper, also, tried to make his way through Szechuen; but was turned back by the lamas from Bathang, and found it equally impossible to effect an entrance from Assam. Everything had, seemingly, been made smooth for Mr. Macaulay's recent attempt; but the moral resistance of lamadom defeated him on the south, as more practical measures had, six months earlier, closed the Keria Mountains against Prejevalsky on the north. There is, however, an ominous tottering of old walls among the hitherto exclusive nations of the East. The hermit kingdom of Korea has opened its doors; and Thibet cannot expect much longer to escape its fate. The current year may well see the Chinese general's seals removed, and a British envoy enter the Rome of Buddhism.

---

From Murray's Magazine.

MAJOR LAWRENCE, F.L.S.

BY THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS.

AUTHOR OF "HURRISH, A STUDY," ETC.

BOOK I. — HOME AND EXILE.

#### CHAPTER V.

JOHN LAWRENCE'S life at Colt's Head was the life of any man living alone, who has a hobby to expend his energies upon, and ideas enough to keep his wits salt and crisp. It had its dull moments, as all our lives have, but it had its many good ones. The relative merits of the life solitary and the life social have been pretty well disputed, yet a good deal remains to be said on the subject, especially, perhaps, upon the side of the former. Such solitude as our major's was of course comparative only, not absolute. He had not his own bed to make, or even his own boots to black. There was an old woman called Sall — she had apparently no surname — who cooked for him in a dark little hole of a kitchen at the bottom of the house.

There was also an old fellow called Phil Judd, half fisherman, half body-servant, who stood to the proprietor of Colt's Head in much the same relationship that a Venetian gondolier does to his patron; "did" for him generally indoors, cleaned his boots, fetched his hot water, and waited upon him in a spasmodic and intermittent fashion. These duties over, he would betake himself to the boat — it was called the Arethusa after Captain Parr's first ship — in which he would disappear for hours at a time upon private fishing excursions, not always being forthcoming the next time his services were required.

Aided by a stout lad to pull in the coils of rope, it was also Phil Judd's duty to accompany his master upon his dredging expeditions, which sometimes extended to a good many consecutive hours. From the bottom of his soul Phil loathed and despised these expeditions, not on account of the labor but the degradation. How any gentleman — not otherwise a fool — could spend his time in scraping a net over sand for the sake of securing — not fish, or lobsters, or oysters, or anything that any reasonable soul could desire — but bits of seaweed, and dirty little jelly stuffs no bigger than the top of a man's nail, was to him inconceivable. Even if by accident better things were secured by the dredge, it was as likely as not that the major would have them thrown overboard, in order to keep the thwarts clear for his trash, "wich he goes a-sticking into them glass bottles of his'n, and a gloating over," Phil informed a sympathetic friend, "as if he was a day scholar and they dirt's lollypops!" It made him feel hot with shame when the other fishermen used laughingly to ask what they had been taking, and he was obliged to confess that except for trash which ought to have been left in its proper place at the bottom of the sea, they never brought in, or were intended to bring in, anything at all.

Of late these excursions had been rather intermittent, the major's time and energies having, as we have seen, been otherwise occupied. He was delighted to serve Lady Mordaunt to the best of his ability, nevertheless he had a feeling that sooner or later it would be necessary to put his foot down. The feminine sex, he was aware, are given to encroaching. Give them an inch, and they take an ell. If a man gives up his time and liberty to them, the chances are he never gets them to himself again. Most of the commissions he had undertaken were by this time ac-

complished, still there were a certain number that required finishing—a kitchen boiler which had got out of order, an evil-tempered chimney which persisted resolutely in smoking—and as regards both these matters he had to interview the respective authorities at Pinkerton, and report upon their answers to his principal.

As a consequence he was obliged to return to Mordaunt the next morning, the morning, that is, after the events recorded in the last chapter. He was a little bored by this necessity. His momentary interview with Lord Helversdale and Kenneth had not, somehow, left a particularly pleasant impression. They had known one another formerly, but that was seventeen years ago. There was now a Lady Helversdale, too, to be faced; a strange fine lady,—a dismally formidable object in a shy man's eyes.

He made up his mind that his visit should not be to them, but to Lady Mordaunt, and with that determination walked over about an hour before luncheon, and made his way to her end of the house.

The manoeuvre was not particularly successful, for she was not there. He refused to have her sent for, and took up a book to fill the time till she appeared. This did not occur till after a considerable interval, and when she did arrive it was evident that she was in no humor to concentrate her attention unreservedly upon boilers and smoking chimneys. She looked ruffled—more than ruffled—cross. Nor was he long in learning the cause.

"Really, some people"—she stopped, but the fountain of displeasure was too strong to be repressed, and she presently began again:—

"That daughter-in-law of mine is the most maddeningly provoking woman in the whole world. I suppose it is very wrong prejudicing you against her, but there are some people whom one can *not* hold one's tongue about, and as I have registered a solemn vow never to allow myself the satisfaction of discussing her with Helversdale, I foresee that I must have some safety-valve during the period of their visit, so you may as well accustom yourself to the fact at once."

"What has the poor lady done now?" he enquired in a tone of mock commiseration.

"Done!" Lady Mordaunt all but danced, her blue eyes flashing like steel under her white hair. The major watched her with suppressed amusement. It was his old friend's favorite conviction, he was aware, that all her son's misfortunes and

extravagances dated from his marriage. He did not know enough about the circumstances to be able to contradict her, but his impression was that it was to a great degree a motherly delusion. She did not like her daughter-in-law, and that was about all; few people did appear to like the poor woman, whatever the reason was. She had been the daughter of a sporting baronet, at whose house her husband had perhaps been thrown a little more into the society of the ringleaders of the turf than might otherwise have been the case. The difference was in all probability not very great, and as far as he could learn, she had, latterly at any rate, done her utmost to set a limit to her husband's extravagance. It was certainly her interest to do so.

Lady Mordaunt continued to gaze in front of her, tapping her fingers irritably upon the top of a table.

"Listen," she said. "You saw that little woman—Mlle. Panache, her name is—who was sobbing upon the grass yesterday evening?"

The major nodded, in token that he had seen her.

"Well, she is a little idiot; you needn't tell me that, I know it—any one can see it at a glance; no doubt, too, my granddaughter would be the better for some one with a little more backbone. Still she has been with her now six years, and the child is fond of her, and she is devoted to the child—who, between ourselves, has not had so many people to be devoted to her. Well, what must Lady Helversdale do this morning but send for the wretched little woman to her bedroom, and give her a harangue about her want of authority over her pupil—as if any one couldn't see, by looking at the two, which was likely to exercise authority over the other! That was not all. The unfortunate little creature has made herself sick with sobbing, and my daughter-in-law—encouraged, I suppose, by so successful a result—went on to lecture her generally about her deportment, manners, conversation,—Heaven knows what all! Isn't there a proverb somewhere about arousing the fury of the dove? At any rate, this particular dove turned suddenly, it seems, upon her assailant with beak and claws. Gave her a piece of her mind—so far as she can be said to have such a possession—and wound up by declaring that she would leave the house at once; that nothing would induce her to remain where, not her capacity but her gentility, had been called in question. Of course there

was a frightful fuss. At first Lady Helversdale was resolved to let the woman go, declaring that it was impossible to overlook such unheard-of impertinence; but after a while, remembering the difficulty of replacing her—her salary, it seems, is a trifle—she decided to let the affair rest for the present. Mlle. Panache, however, is implacable. She has been in floods of tears ever since; Elly has been in floods of tears; the whole house has been convulsed; nevertheless she sticks to her point. To have been told that she was not *comme il faut* is worse evidently a hundred times than if she had been told she was a thief—*enfin*, nothing will satisfy her but to go."

The major rubbed his chin. He did not see how all this concerned him. "And what does your son say?" he enquired.

"Helversdale? Helversdale says nothing; Helversdale never does say anything!"

Lady Mordaunt walked over to the window, and stood drumming her finger impatiently upon the wood-work.

"But I must be going," she added, turning suddenly round. "Oh, and by the way, I promised to bring you with me. They want to see you; to thank you, I believe, for bringing back that small troublesome last night."

"They are too good, but I should rather be excused," he replied.

"You won't come?"

"I would much rather not."

"But if I ask you?"

"Please do not do so."

"But when I tell you I *wish* you to come?"

He took up his hat with a groan and followed her along the passage.

If the drawing-room looked a shade less inhabitable than when he had first seen it, the change hardly amounted to making it seem livable. Its present occupant did not give the impression either of being one of those women who have the gift of making any space they occupy—were it the fore cabin of an emigrant ship, or a piece of the Great Sahara—instantly, and inevitably, a home. Lady Helversdale was a tall, thin woman, with a small head, a long neck, and a receding chin. At the time of her marriage she had been spoken of as a beauty, and that time was hardly sufficiently remote to cause her to cease to be spoken of so still. It would have required some unusual predisposition in her favor, however, to discover much positive beauty about her appearance at present. The features, no

doubt, were good, with the exception of the upper lip, which was certainly too long for symmetry, had the effect, too, of having been elongated by the down-drooping tendency of the corners of the lower one. It was a face in which one seemed to see traces of a struggle. There was self-satisfaction, and there was irritability; there was vanity, and there was dissatisfaction, and the irritability and dissatisfaction were gaining the day. There were lines about the neighborhood of Lady Helversdale's mouth which seemed perpetually to be saying, "How vexatious!" "How excessively annoying!" even when words of perfectly amiable import were passing her lips.

At the present moment this expression was evidently in accordance with the sentiments which occupied her mind. She received the major with due graciousness, and made some amiable allusion to his services of the preceding evening. Even while doing so, however, her thoughts were obviously unable to detach themselves from those recent domestic disturbances of which Lady Mordaunt had spoken. A large red morocco account-book lay open before her upon the table, with figures formidably ascending, at which every now and then she cast a glance. It was evident that those figures were not behaving as they ought.

They had not been many minutes in the room before Lord Helversdale entered. As he has not been formally presented to the reader, it may be mentioned that he was slightly made, dark, and middle-sized; like his mother, yet curiously unlike; the same air of distinction, the same features, yet in all essentials far as the poles asunder. His hair, which was very thick, was slightly grey—had the effect indeed of having been lightly powdered—but his beard, which was short and pointed, was still dark as ebony. If she had the air of a dethroned queen, he had succeeded in acquiring the carriage of a man upon whom fate has exhausted its malice, but whose philosophy, or whose fortitude, has been equal to the ordeal. He was not, in most people's opinion, a very estimable man, but he had the talent—by no means a despicable one—of maintaining his personal dignity in the teeth of the most adverse circumstances. You might have the worst opinion of Lord Helversdale and Kenneth, but it was rarely till he was at some little distance that that opinion found expression.

He and John Lawrence had known one another, as has been said, in their boyish



days, but never intimately. The former was some four or five years the elder, and that alone might have proved sufficient bar. Now that they met again, the difference seemed to have increased rather than diminished. John was never regarded as young for his age, and looked his thirty-two years fully, but then the other man might have passed for fifty. Race-horses or something had left indestructible traces upon his face. They had not impaired its distinction or even its beauty, still there they were, legible as the successive inscriptions upon a palimpsest. He had lived, as the phrase runs, every day of his life, and every day had told.

They were still running over the somewhat thin thread of mutual recollections, when the gong sounded for luncheon. Lady Helversdale promptly rang the bell, and desired in a tone of authority that her daughter and Mlle. Panache should be summoned to that meal; whereupon the major, with all a man's horror of a family scene, precipitately picked up his hat.

"Going, John?" Lady Mordaunt exclaimed.

"Yes; I—I have an engagement," he stammered.

"Put it off, and stay lunch."

"I cannot; indeed I cannot. I really have an engagement."

"It must be a tryst with a jelly-fish then, an assignation with an octopus, or a tender susceptible sea anemone, nothing else could be of so much importance!" Then before he could answer, "There, there; don't betray the tender secret! Promise one thing, though, promise that you will dine here the day after to-morrow. Then I will let you off."

"I shall be delighted."

"You look it, I must say! However, we must hope that you will have acquired resignation before the time comes. We are not cuttle-fish, unfortunately, still we may safely promise to be nearly as dull."

He was standing beside the door, and had put out his hand to turn the handle, when it was energetically turned upon the other side; the door was widely, it may be said pompously thrown open, and the youthful Lady Eleanor Mordaunt appeared upon the scene, ushering her governess before her.

The unfortunate Mlle. Panache's face was so swollen with inordinate weeping, as hardly to be recognizable by this time as human. If the evening before it had resembled that of a doll that had seen a good deal of service in a hard-handed family, to-day it resembled nothing so

much as the same doll's face after being heartlessly exposed to the action of the nursery fire. Her lips were double their natural size; her eyes swollen nearly out of her head; as to her nose, it was indescribable. Her general air and demeanor was that of a sacrificial sheep.

Her pupil had evidently been crying too, but with her, grief or indignation had taken a different direction. Her eyes were red and her face pale, but she carried her head like a young lioness. As she came in, she glanced round the room with a look which seemed to defy the world at large, and her family in particular, to single combat. She was dressed in a little plain brown frock, covered with a blue apron, which was fastened with two buttons at her shoulders. Her hair, which hung straight down her back, was brushed away from her forehead and tied with a ribbon at the top of her head; her short skirts showed a considerable length of black, tightly-gartered stockings, ending in a pair of stout, unpolished shoes.

This plainness and childishness seemed only to heighten the effect of that fiery youthful indignation which sat so conspicuously upon her brow. She looked round the circle with eyes which seemed to dilate and kindle. Through it all, nevertheless, there pierced something childish and appealing. An experienced bystander would have suspected that a break-down was not very far off. The major felt instinctively sorry for her.

She relaxed a little in the severity of her deportment upon catching sight of him, and walked across the room to shake hands. Even while speaking to him, however, she kept her eye turned toward the sofa, into a corner of which Mlle. Panache had subsided, and there was an air of conscious protectiveness in the glance, comically at variance with what was supposed to be the relative position of the two.

"Eleanor, come here," her mother said peevishly. Then, when the girl had obeyed, "Why did you not put on your new foulard, as I desired you, instead of that shabby old thing?" she enquired, in a tone audible to the room.

"I don't know, mother. I wasn't thinking about it."

"You *should* have been thinking about it then! What is the use of getting you proper things to wear if you persist in not wearing them? Any one would say I didn't care what you wore!" Lady Helversdale's face assumed an expression of unmerited ill-usage

Her daughter made no further attempt to excuse herself, merely looked at her mother with eyes which seemed to get larger and larger.

The gong had sounded, but luncheon was not yet announced. The major was about to renew his adieux; Lord Helversdale had taken up a newspaper, when there came a startling interruption from the sofa in the corner.

Evidently Mlle. Panache had been struggling heroically to stifle her sobs ever since her entrance, but whether her overwrought feelings had got the better of her self-control, or whether Lady Helversdale's remarks had given them a fresh impulse, all at once she broke out into a succession of resounding sobs, which grew louder and louder, until they approached rapidly to the verge of hysterics.

With a last remnant of self-control she suddenly started to her feet, and made for the door, her dress catching as she did so upon the handle, and giving a loud discordant shriek of rent material as she escaped. Her pupil rushed after her, giving upon her own account a Parthian glance of wrath and indignation around the circle as she did so, and shutting the door behind her with a commanding bang.

Everybody started. Lord Helversdale gave utterance to a slight whistle.

"Upon my word; here are heroics!" he said. "Lawrence, you may thank your stars you are not a family man. Really I must apologize to the company at large for such a little termagant. I cannot imagine what has come to her," he added in a lower tone to his mother. "She used to be a decently behaved child; at least, I had no direct evidence to the contrary."

"I'm sure, Helversdale, no one can say it is *my* fault," his wife said, in the tone of a woman whose life has been one long struggle with destiny, and who at last begins to despair. "Eleanor has got completely out of *my* hands. What with staying down all that time at Shoreham, while we were in London, and running wild about the country like a great boy, and having no one with her but that dreadful little mademoiselle — whom I was very wrong, I know, to have kept so long, only governesses are such *impossible* things to find — she has got into the most dreadfully unmanageable ways — not like any child I ever saw."

The door opened, and luncheon was announced. Lady Mordaunt sprang to her feet with an air of relief.

"Send her to me next time you want to get rid of her, Adelaide," she said quickly;

"I will see that she is kept in proper order. Good-bye, major, if you won't stay, and my compliments to the cuttle-fishes. Don't let them make you forget that you are engaged to dine here upon Friday!"

#### CHAPTER VI.

WALKING home, John Lawrence's thoughts reverted with not a little amusement to the scene he had just witnessed. At the time it had not amused him particularly — domestic squabbles rarely do amuse a bystander at the time. Now, however, that he had got away, was by himself, and free to allow his risible muscles to behave as they liked, he found himself laughing aloud over the recollection. What a little spitfire she was, that Elly Mordaunt! How she had glared at them all, as if to defy them then and there to mortal combat! Could she care for that little washed-out rag of a Frenchwoman, or was it merely opposition, — determination not to submit to authority, — general "cussedness," in short, which had made her espouse her part?

From Lady Mordaunt's account they had been thrown a good deal together, so that it was conceivable that, in the absence of anything better, the girl had imbibed a sort of affection for that limp-looking specimen of humanity. How well she had looked, the monkey, when she had rushed out of the room, flinging unutterable defiance in their teeth as she did so! She was a "handful," that was clear, but for all that his sympathies had been entirely with her in the recent squabble. What a ridiculous little storm in a teacup it was! he thought with a laugh — the easy laugh of the bachelor and irresponsible bystander. Did all families behave as absurdly, he wondered, when you came to see a little below the surface? He had seen so little himself of family life for the last fourteen years, that the enquiry had a certain physiological or psychological interest. It was rather like making acquaintance with some new variety of Crinoid or Echinodermata, whose "life-history" had been imperfectly elucidated.

When the appointed Friday came, this particular storm appeared to have settled down again. Mlle. Panache, as he learned from a casual observation of Lady Mordaunt's, had carried out her threat and departed, but no further allusion was made to the affair by any of the family, and he naturally abstained from speaking of it himself. Elly he did enquire after, and was told in a somewhat reproving tone by her mother that she had

gone to bed; she always went to bed, the countess said, at eight o'clock; it was the proper hour for little girls; she didn't approve of turning children of eleven or twelve into premature women by keeping them up till all hours of the night; *some* of her friends did so, but she had never given in to the habit. It was ruinous to the complexion, and there was nothing so important for a girl as her complexion.

The major had no very apposite observations to contribute to these statements. Not being a family man himself, he could not say what was or was not detrimental to the complexion of little girls of eleven or twelve. He had some imagination, however, and he could not help wondering whether all that superfluous energy, of which he had so lately seen specimens, was invariably ready to be put to bed and to sleep exactly as the clock struck eight? Even if the first part of the ceremony was gone through, he rather doubted that the second would follow as a consequence. A vision of a pair of big grey eyes staring eagerly wide awake into the darkness, crossed his mind. He was not too old himself to remember being sent to bed at eight o'clock, and the sense of wrong and intolerable tyranny which the proceeding had aroused. How for hours he had lain awake and thought of moths—in those days moths happened to be the principal tenants of his youthful brains. Never since the world began had such moths been seen as were at that moment flying about in the dusk outside, moths which he was debarred from securing, simply and solely by this ridiculous family regulation of an eight o'clock bed-hour! It was not likely that Elly Mordaunt's brains were disturbed by a vision of moths. Still that she would meekly lie down and go to sleep because she was told that it was the best thing in the world for little girls' complexions, was a statement which, from what he had seen of her, he was not at all prepared to believe.

The family party was not intruded upon by any other stranger. The evening was not particularly lively, and Lady Mordaunt's promise was more than fulfilled. It seemed to John Lawrence interminable, though in reality it was rather short. Lord Helversdale's gout was apparently worse; he limped at least more than before, and a foot-rest had to be arranged before he could sit down to dinner. After the ladies had withdrawn, the conversation between the two men languished. The host pushed his mother's claret about with due hospitality, but he looked at the

contents of his wineglass much more than at his companion. Even sport and the coming "events," which the major, in despair of hitting upon a mutual topic, broached, failed. Lord Helversdale answered, but his manner was chilly to torpidity.

Like many men of his type, he could talk, and even talk well, but his talk needed the circumference of his own set. If you belonged to that set, you understood at half a word; if you didn't, it was practically waste of time addressing you at all. Naturally, John Lawrence did not belong to that or any other current set, and Lord Helversdale's feeling therefore was that they had no more mutual standing-ground than if he had been a curate or a district visitor. Had he been asked, he would probably have been prepared to say that his mother's pet was a very decent sort of fellow, in his way; but what then? Curates and district visitors are probably very decent sort of people often in *their* way, but it doesn't necessarily follow that you would have anything in common with them.

The only approach to relaxation which the visitor derived from his evening's entertainment was a ten minutes' conversation which he had with Lady Mordaunt, after her son had withdrawn, and while Lady Helversdale was writing a note in the inner drawing-room.

"So your exasperated dove has departed?" he said, sitting down close to the corner of the sofa where she was sitting, engaged in a piece of needlework. He had never seen her with a needle in her hand before.

"Poor little mortal! yes," she answered, laying that weapon aside with an air of relief. "At the end I am sure she would have given her ears—six months' salary at all events—to stay, but it was too late, the carriage was actually at the door. Never did I see so deplorable a spectacle. She positively realized the classical fable of Niobe and her fountain. I'm certain the carriage contained more tears than woman."

"And her pupil. Was she another Niobe?"

"Not in the least. Quite the contrary. She looked as hard and indifferent as that"—holding out the top of her needle. "I don't think she could have cared two straws about the woman. It was simply she had set her mind to prevent her going away. I can't make that child out. Last time I had anything to say to her she was a little soft round thing; you would have

said without any character at all. Now you see what she is — a perfect spitfire — a termagant in miniature. She is an obstinate little wretch too. I called to her afterwards as she was going up the stairs, but, though I know she heard me perfectly, she walked away with her head in the air, and her hands in her pockets. I'm not sure she wasn't whistling!"

The major laughed. But Lady Mordaunt was evidently not disposed to regard such infractions of respect as a light offence.

"You may laugh, but allow me to remind you she is not *your* granddaughter," she said sharply.

"Well, no, now you mention it, I suppose she is not," he answered.

"I am far from saying that it is entirely the child's fault," she went on unheeding. "Many things have been against her. She has been far too much alone, which may have taught her to assume these extraordinary airs of independence; whatever it is, the result promises to be anything but satisfactory. If she were a boy she might be sent to school, where of course she would be brought under proper discipline; as it is, I despair."

"Don't do that. I think she is a grand little girl. I really do. I like her immensely. Perhaps you don't quite understand her."

Lady Mordaunt opened her eyes, and flashed them at him like a pair of rapiers. "Upon my word, young man, what next?" she exclaimed indignantly.

"I mean that I am sure there is more in her than any of you guess."

"More! I don't doubt *that* at all. There's a great deal of temper; a great deal of self-will; a great deal of naughtiness. Whether all those qualities are likely to combine into a satisfactory granddaughter is what I do beg leave to doubt."

John Lawrence shook his head. He had never known his old friend so little reasonable.

"No doubt there's a good deal of what you say," he answered, "still I stick to it that there's no harm in her. It is simply high spirits — what in a boy one would call manliness — nothing else. She is a fine little girl, and I prophesy will turn out all right yet. Of course I have only seen her twice; nevertheless —"

"Nevertheless you think yourself a better judge of her disposition than I am? Not to speak of her own father and mother!"

"I think that you are all inclined to

judge her too harshly. Children are 'kittle cattle,' remember; once miss the right clue, and you may go on missing it to the end of the chapter."

The rustle of Lady Helversdale's dress was heard approaching; Lady Mordaunt sat erect, shook out her skirts with an air of majesty, took up her needle, and prepared for a parting shot.

"You may be an admirable judge of the dispositions of jelly-fishes and sea-urchins, young man," she said cuttingly. "No doubt you are. But if you think that you understand the character of my own granddaughter better than I do myself, all I can say is, your vanity misleads you."

The "young man" laughed. He was not in the least offended. His vanity was not his most salient point. He would have returned to the charge, but there was no time, Lady Helversdale was already in the room. Not long afterwards he took his leave, and the ladies retired to their beds. It had not been a delightful evening.

Old Crockett, Lady Mordaunt's majordomo, was hovering about the hall, and came forward to help him with his coat, and in answer to an enquiry after the lumbago, shook his head lugubriously, as much as to say that there were worse things in the world than even the lumbago. The major was not inclined to gratify his evident desire for a little family gossip, so merely wished him a cheerful good-night, to which the old man responded in a sepulchral tone, shutting the house door behind him as elaborately as if some one at the point of death was likely to be disturbed by its reverberation.

John laughed a little when he found himself outside upon the gravel. The old fellow's ultra-lugubriousness had had the effect of raising his spirits, lowered as they had been by the heavy and repressive atmosphere which had newly invaded that friendly domicile. It was a lovely moonlight night. The tortuous shadows of the trees lay in long, crooked silhouettes upon the grass, cut out seemingly in black paper. The statues in the garden appeared to be holding an entertainment. You would have sworn that they nodded and beckoned to one another across the gravel. The fancy took our hero to walk home by the sea, instead of through the park. It was hardly further, although the sinuosities of the coast made it seem so. The quickest way was to pass through Lady Mordaunt's little rock garden, which, as already explained, lay behind that wing of the house which she had taken as her

special possession. There was a path leading to it through a patch of shrubbery. It would have been difficult to find had the night been dark, but at present the entrance lay clear as the mouth of a small stream, though once inside, he found himself in an obscurity intensified, rather than lightened, by the scraps of sky showing at intervals through the network of leaves and twigs.

It was with a sort of surprise that he emerged into the illuminated circumference of the rock garden, which appeared to have absorbed all the neighboring moonbeams. He was turning away, when he suddenly observed something or some one moving on the edge of the obscurity which surrounded, and as it were hemmed in, this whiteness, something that appeared to be partly black and partly white, and seemed to flit or glide along the ground. The patch of moonlight was so bewildering, the jungle of rose-bushes at that particular corner so thick, that it was difficult to make sure that he had not been deceived. Still he did not think that his eyes could have played him such a trick. Why should they have selected this particular evening to do so?

He felt his pulses quicken. Who could be out at that hour, and in so secluded a spot? He must have been mistaken; it could have been nothing, or merely the light playing upon the surface of the leaves. But no, again he distinctly saw something moving swiftly, and this time it seemed to him that it had taken shelter behind the old sun-dial which stood at that particular spot, and behind whose square base a fragment of something white was still visible.

He hesitated what to do. The figure, whatever it was, was feminine, since it wore a skirt. If it was one of the maids of the house, although she had no business assuredly to be out there at that hour, he had, still more assuredly, no desire to discover her delinquencies. Upon the other hand, the figure was alone—a fact which made against this hypothesis. He decided that it would be wiser to pass on and take no notice. His curiosity, however, was by this time aroused; and the momentary colloquy ended by his suddenly taking half-a-dozen rapid steps towards the sun-dial, calling out loudly, as he did so, to know who was there.

He was answered by the sudden darting away of the figure, which, escaping from behind the sun-dial, shot like a greyhound between the rose-bushes, out of the precincts of the garden, betaking itself into

the little wood beyond, where it was seen flitting from tree to tree and from bush to bush, with the rapid, gliding step of some woodland elf or pixy.

A momentary pause of astonishment, and the major gave chase. His doubts as to the propriety of his interference were now at an end. The most elementary of all instincts, the instinct of the hunter, was aroused. To come up with this fugitive, who, it seemed, had challenged him to a race, was the only thing to be thought of.

Had the person he was pursuing been entirely dressed in black he would have probably found it impossible to do so; but that patch of white was a beacon, and he kept it in sight. It was a hot chase. Now he nearly overtook his prey, then again it darted behind the trunk of a tree, or was lost to sight for a minute or two in the tall brushwood.

Fortune, however, was in favor of the pursuer. The wood was small, and was rapidly narrowing; the streaks of light which permeated it getting broader and broader; the herbage too was growing denser under foot, the big docks and mulleins catching at the fugitive's feet and dress. He was in the act of coming alongside of it, when it suddenly shot out into the open moonlight.

Once again the major halted, and this time from sheer astonishment, for in the figure flitting before him, lit up distinctly by the moonlight, he perceived the youthful Lady Eleanor Mordaunt whom he had been assured by the countess, her mamma, to be in bed and asleep nearly three hours before!

It was obviously not a reason for slackening his pace, and he again sped on in full pursuit. His halt, momentary as it was, had given the fugitive a fresh start, of which she took full advantage. John Lawrence was an active man and a good runner, but it was quite as much as he could do to come up to that small figure, which seemed to be endowed with wings. They were now racing straight across the middle of the park; clearly visible, no doubt, from the windows of the house, had any one thought of looking out. He called once, twice, but she took no notice, but sped on, as if weariness were impossible. It was the oddest race conceivable.

Suddenly she wheeled close to the place where the carriage had halted the evening of their arrival, and made for the path leading to the sea. This brought matters to a climax. To race down that path at



this hour of the night, and at the pace she was now going, was about as hazardous a proceeding as could well be conceived. Putting out all his powers, the major overtook her just as she was turning into it, and seized her by the arm. "Stop, Lady Eleanor! Stop! Are you not ashamed of yourself?" he remonstrated breathlessly.

She wrenched her arm away from his grasp so that he could not have retained it without hurting her. She made no attempt to run away again, however, but stood facing him; her breath coming fast; her chest heaving up and down, but her eyes dilated, and blazing fierce defiance at him in the moonlight.

"How dare you?" she said, as soon as she could speak, stamping her foot vehemently upon the ground. "How dare you? How dare you? I hate you!"

"Hate me as much as you choose, but come home. It is not fit for you to be out at this hour."

"Why is it not fit? I am not doing anybody any harm!"

"Ask yourself. Does any one know that you are out?"

She hesitated. "No, no one knows, of course!" she said at last, defiantly.

"Very well then; that answers your question. Doing what nobody suspects is deceiving."

She flushed angrily. "I'm not deceiving," she exclaimed angrily. "There is nothing in the least deceitful about it."

"Excuse me, that is just what there is. Doesn't every one believe you to be in bed and asleep, whereas in reality you are careering about the deer park with me at your heels?"

"I never wanted to have you at my heels, did I? Besides, why should they send me to bed so early? Nobody can go to sleep at such an hour."

"Lady Helversdale told me eight o'clock was your usual bed-time."

"When Matty and I were alone at Shoreham I never went to bed till nine or ten."

He took out his watch and slanted it, so as to catch the moonlight. "It wants twenty minutes of twelve now!" he said dryly. "Most people think that a good hour for being in bed."

She looked a little aghast, and turned of her own accord towards the house. "I couldn't sleep," she said in a tone of extenuation. "That was why I went out."

They proceeded together side by side to the house. Now that the glow pro-

duced by her scamper had faded away, he could see that she had been crying; her eyes were red and swollen, her cheeks stained, her hair hung in elf locks about her face. It made him feel tenderly towards her. "Poor little mortal; what a bit of wild untamable nature it was!" he thought. It must be *somebody's* fault surely, that a little girl of eleven should have to rush out of doors in the dead of night in order to confide her woes to the beech-trees and the rose-bushes. He remembered appealing often to the same comforters himself in youthful days, but then he had been a boy. It seemed less natural, somehow, in a girl.

He was making his way to the front door, but she stopped him with a gesture. "I won't go there," she said abruptly. "I won't, I tell you! I won't!"

"How do you propose getting in then?" he asked.

"Through that door" — pointing to the one leading to Lady Mordaunt's part of the house. "That was the way I came out."

"It will be locked, you know, at this hour. However, just as you like," and he turned his steps towards it.

It *was* locked, of course. Old Crockett had seen to that. They came to a halt upon the doorstep. "What is to be done now?" he said, sinking his voice instinctively to a whisper; it seemed by this time as if they were joint conspirators, and equally guilty. "I must ring, otherwise how are you to get in?" he added, in a tone of expostulation.

"Oh no, don't, don't; please, please don't ring! There will be such a dreadful fuss. I *do* so hate a fuss!"

The major sympathized. He too hated a fuss. He abstained from saying that she had brought it upon herself.

"How then will you get in?" he enquired.

"Couldn't I creep through one of the windows? They can't all be locked? Or I might climb up one of the water-pipes? I got down one once at Shoreham." Her tone was now quite amicable, she had apparently accepted him as an ally, one who, as he could not be thrown off, might as well be made available.

He shook his head. "Not possible, I'm afraid," he said gravely. "Besides, I don't think I could quite arrange it with my conscience to break into your grandmother's house in that fashion. No, there is only one thing that I can see to be done. If you will promise to stay quietly where you are, I will see if I cannot call Lady

Mordaunt without disturbing any one else."

"Grandmamma! but that is as bad as anything! She will tell—everybody!"

"Not if she says she will keep it a secret, and I think she will. Promise me not to stir until I come back."

"Very well," she answered gloomily.

He left her and went round to the other, or garden side of the wing, into which Lady Mordaunt's bedroom, he knew, looked. As he expected, there was a light still burning there, and he could see her shadow moving leisurely to and fro. The window was open a few inches, and picking up a light handful of sand he flung it audaciously straight in upon the carpet. There was a stifled exclamation, then a pause. Then, as he expected, Lady Mordaunt herself appeared at the open window.

"Who did that? Who is there?" she enquired angrily.

"Hush, don't call out, please! It is I, John Lawrence."

"John Lawrence! And what in the name of all that's mysterious brings John Lawrence under my windows at this hour of the night, I should like to know?"

"Lady Mordaunt, will you do me a favor? Will you come and speak to me by yourself at the front door?"

"Upon my word! Your audacity, young man, is increasing! Why should I come and speak to you at the front door? Do you wish me to catch my death? Are you sure you are not a little—drunk?"

"Quite sure; not the least. I want you to open the door yourself. There is some one else there, whom I want you to let in."

"To let in! Are you raving? Who can there be to let in at twelve o'clock at night?"

He went closer to the window, and spoke in a whisper. "Your granddaughter is out there," he said.

"My granddaughter! my granddaughter out of doors at this hour? Really you *must* be drunk!"

In spite of this assurance, he heard her moving hastily to and fro in the room; a minute afterwards a light shone in the window of the passage. He went hastily back to the front door.

Elly was still there, leaning against the balustrade which led to the entrance. She looked like a little white wraith in the moonlight. Lady Mordaunt's steps were heard approaching. Both conspirators trembled. Suddenly the door was flung open, and the light of the candle rushed out across the gravel in a long red line,

their two shadows dancing fantastically along with it.

Lady Mordaunt stood silent for a moment gazing at them.

"Upon my word!" she ejaculated at last. "Perhaps you will have the goodness both of you to explain what's the meaning of all this?"

"The meaning is that your granddaughter could not sleep, so she went out for a walk in the garden, and the evening being so lovely, she forgot how late it was getting. Now she wishes to get to her own room without disturbing any one, and we are sure that you will be good enough to help us. That's all. It's perfectly simple, you see!"

"So it appears. And what part, pray, have you had in the drama, young man? Was it *you* who induced her to go out?"

"No, not that exactly. I merely met her when she had got out."

"It wasn't his fault a bit, grandmamma. He had nothing to say to it," the girl said impatiently. "I went out of my own accord."

"Indeed. And why, pray?"

"I couldn't sleep, I—everything was so horrid—I couldn't *bear* staying where I was."

"What prevented you from sleeping?"

"I don't know, I—I—I—" Her face quivered piteously, and she let it fall suddenly into her hands with a childish gesture. "I—I missed—Matty so. She—she always came to say good-night to me. There was no one to say good-night to me." This was followed by a long sob, which went to the hearts of both hearers.

Lady Mordaunt and the major exchanged glances.

"She's worn out and upset, poor little thing!" he said *sotto voce*. "Don't scold her any more to-night, there's a dear lady."

"Scolding! I am *not* scolding her, I was not *thinking* of scolding her!" she retorted angrily. "Come in, child, and we'll see if we can't get you to bed without disturbing the rest of the good people," she added gently.

Elly obeyed, but tired out with tears and sleepiness she stumbled over the threshold. Her grandmother put her arm tenderly round her to support her. It was the touch of the feather to the jar of alum. The child broke down utterly; clinging to her, and hiding her head upon her shoulder, sobbing as if her very soul was flooding away upon the torrent of her tears.

The old lady stooped and kissed her tenderly; stroking her head, and smooth-

ing down the long tangles of her hair. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike her, for she turned round sharply upon the bystander. "Good-night, John Lawrence," she said tartly over her shoulder. And the major thereupon stole meekly away, shutting the door behind him with a cautiousness which even the discreet Crockett could hardly have outdone.

## CHAPTER VII.

He did not go again to Mordaunt for some weeks. His work had got into knots and tangles, and he meant to devote himself religiously to it henceforward, and brook no more interruptions. He had a note from Lady Mordaunt a few days later, asking him again to dinner, but hardened his heart, and sent a plump refusal. He would have been delighted to go, he assured her, if it were possible, but really he could *not* leave his work.

He heard no more for some time, and began to wonder whether she was offended. At last another note arrived, which showed that her displeasure was not, at any rate, implacable.

It was scarcely gratifying, she said, that a person whose society you enjoyed told you plainly that he preferred that of dead crabs and disgusting gelatinous monsters. There *was* a time, she could assure him, when even the most repulsive of jelly-fishes or sea-anemones would not have kept a young man from her side. Well, well, that time was gone by, and only fools refused to recognize the inevitable. Her son and daughter-in-law, she went on to inform him, were leaving her in the course of a few days for Homburg in order to try the effect of the waters upon Lord Helversdale's gout. Her granddaughter Elly, on the other hand, was remaining with her, an arrangement for which she had entirely to thank *him*, John Lawrence. But for his extraordinary and unprecedented interference the other night, she would as soon have thought of keeping a kangaroo or cat-of-the-mountains from the Zoological Gardens under her charge, as that young woman. This being the case, she hoped that he would understand that the responsibility was, at least in part, *his*; that he would have the goodness to remember that she looked to him to assist her in the management of that excessively troublesome specimen of humanity. She herself, she observed, had come to a time of life when *peace* was what you chiefly demanded of Providence, your relatives, and the world at large. However it might be with a man, at sixty-two a woman's

work was, or ought in her opinion, to be over. You have done your best — well, badly, indifferently, as the case might be, but still your best. After that, the game is done; the book closed. Whether you lived or died, *finis* ought to be written to it. You ought to be exempt; exempt from having to begin life over again from the beginning; from having to run about in pursuit of nursery maids and governesses; from having to see that children avoided catching coughs and colds; that they turned their toes the right way, and spoke with the proper accents. Above all, exempt from having your nerves upset, and your good digestion utterly deranged by the proceedings of a little rampageous two-legged catamount, who appeared to exude mischief as naturally as a pine-tree exudes turpentine.

The major laughed a good deal over this letter, which seemed to him eminently characteristic — though he had never known Lady Mordaunt flaunt her own incapacities with quite so much vigor before. As to her statement that she expected him to be responsible for her granddaughter's conduct, he took that to be merely a hyperbolical way of saying that he was to come to Mordaunt as often as possible, and discounted accordingly. He wrote to tell her that he was starting in a day or two for London on business, so could not present himself at present, but would do so the instant he returned.

His letters to Professor Jenkyll had, so far, elicited few replies, and those neither particularly apposite nor particularly satisfactory. Probably he was unusually busy, the major reflected. Still let him be ever so busy, if once he was made to understand the real importance, value, and novelty of the suggestions made to him, he would, he felt sure, lay all other work aside in order to follow them up. This being the case, the only thing was to take him personally by storm, and accordingly he started a few days later for London, with all his facts and bottles set out in battle array.

He found his friend — a huge, leonine man, with an enormous beard — in a whirl of hurry and excitement, excitement not entirely due to the interests of science. He was just starting upon a visit to a country house, a very illustrious country house, where cabinet ministers and ambassadors were quite average guests. The professor, for all his philosophy, was evidently a little caught in this ministerial and ambassadorial vortex. His talk ran upon high social and political topics; the

extraordinary blunders of the ministry; the private opinions of the duke — that duke to whose house he was going — upon the present complicated and ticklish state of foreign affairs. It was not without some difficulty that the major brought the conversation round to that humbler subject which was at the moment engrossing his own thoughts.

"Ah, yes; those theories of yours, my dear fellow, about the medusoid form of the *Tubulariæ*!" the professor exclaimed. "True, true. Read your letters? Why of course I read your letters! Very ingenious and suggestive they were too, upon my word, very. No doubt the whole arrangement is more or less in a chaotic state. About your views — it struck me, you know, that there were a few — well, flaws. Your terminology was — you'll excuse my saying so — a little mixed. Of course it is a great difficulty, especially in that order, which really ought to be set up with a glossary of its own. I could put you right in ten minutes if I had time, but I have been so run off my feet lately that really I — I have your letters all safe though. Perhaps, by the way, you'd like to have them back, eh?"

The major looked blank. "I hoped that you might have been able to go into the matter with me, Jenkyll," he said in a tone of disappointment. "Surely the point is worth clearing up; and as to the proofs, I have them here." He held up a small box, from whence proceeded a clinking sound of bottles.

The professor scratched his chin and eyed the box with some disfavor. "It's a deuced pity you didn't take up the subject last year," he said rather testily. "Yes, I know, you couldn't; you were in India; still, it was a pity. You see I was working at the order myself then, and I could have put you right in a twinkling — had the whole thing at my fingers' ends — pat, like my ABC! You would have been uncommonly useful to me too — really you would! It's a great matter having some one going over the same set of facts as oneself; we're all liable to error. These ideas of yours might have come in then in their proper place, and I should have been able to say whether they were any good or not — worth anything, you know. Now I don't candidly see, my dear fellow, that I can be of any use to you. I make a point of sweeping my mind as much as possible of all old work before plunging into anything new. It's like a language; one turns the other out. Of course, after a bit, I could rub it

up again; but then if I did there would be a danger of the rest going to the dogs."

John Lawrence looked blanker still. The professor made frantic clutches at his papers, and stuffed them away into a succession of pigeon-holes before him.

"I'll tell you what to do," he exclaimed, turning round. "Go to the Museum, to Jones — Perkington Jones — and explain your ideas to him, and see what he says. He's a painstaking little fellow, just the man for you; limited, of course — frightened out of his very wits at a new idea. Still, that will be all the better. If you can convince him you can convince any one. You can't do better than go to Jones; tell him I sent you. And now, my dear fellow, I must be off. Time and tide, you know — The duke is the most punctual man in England. You'll forgive me, I know." And the professor was gone in a whirlwind.

The major took his advice, and went to Mr. Perkington Jones, whom he found seated at a large table in one of the private apartments belonging to the natural history collection, not then removed to more spacious quarters. Mr. Perkington Jones was small and neat and dapper. He wore a flower in his buttonhole, and neatly stitched alpaca sleeves to keep his cuffs clean. He listened to our friend's explanation with the air of a pedagogue confronted with some full-grown but unusually backward pupil. Though young, he had evidently all a scientist's confirmed distrust of amateurs and their fads.

When his visitor paused, he enquired if he had read Professor Kettleworth's monograph upon the subject.

The major had done so.

"And Cox's '*Campanularia Atlantica*'?"

This also the major had read.

"And Heimann's papers in the '*Monatsbericht der Akademie der Wissenschaft*'?"

No, Major Lawrence replied. He had not read those; he didn't, in fact, know German.

Mr. Jones looked as if that settled the question. Scientific men, he observed, with an emphasis on the first word, were obliged to acquaint themselves with the latest results of investigation, foreign no less than English. Of course amateurs were under no such obligation. Nothing was easier, as Mr. — thank you — Major Lawrence would no doubt admit, than to be misled by erroneous appearances. Every competent biologist knew that they cropped up by hundreds under his hands.

Gentlemen whose training had not been — well, of a rigorously scientific character — were peculiarly prone to be — er — led away by their imaginations. He was far from saying that this was the case in the present instance; still, Mr. — thank you — Major Lawrence must admit that, it was, to say the least, probable.

That undisciplined observer's stock of patience was beginning to wax thin under these repeated rebuffs. It was not a question of appearances or imagination but of *proofs*, tangible proofs, he said curtly. All he asked was that some one would have the goodness to go over the *facts* with him, and see if their impressions corroborated his. The facts were there, he had them in a box by his side. There was no need to refer to Heimann or any one else. The whole thing lay in a nutshell.

Mr. Jones opened his eyes mildly. It was the nature of amateurs, he was evidently aware, to lose their tempers and become violent, whenever their hobbies were crossed. A great many erroneous conceptions, he observed, *would* be found corrected in Heimann's papers. If Mr. — thank you — Major Lawrence proposed to go on pursuing these studies, he was sure that he would find it to be quite worth his while to acquire the —

But the major hastily gathered up his box of bottles and took his leave. He felt that if he remained much longer, the irascibility of amateurs might possibly be displayed in even more convincing fashion.

At his club that evening he encountered a friend to whom, as a probable sympathizer, he recounted his grievances. The friend was a mighty Nimrod, mighty traveller, mighty naturalist too, in his way. Had shot, fished, hunted, zoologized, in nearly every quarter of the globe, and was reported to know more about one particular order of horned animals than any man then living, with the possible exception of a single Leipsic professor who had never been outside his own university town. As a sample of the self-trained and self-educated amateur, he was, however, to some degree tarred with the same brush as John Lawrence. The faculty looked doubtfully upon both.

"There's nothing for it, my dear fellow, take my word, but a plunge into print," that experienced veteran declared positively. "State your facts as clearly as you can. Then when some one attacks you — as of course some one will — and proves that there never was so incompetent a nincompoop, you fire straight back,

which will give you an opportunity of stating your case over again and bringing up every proof you have, and sooner or later one of the big wigs will take it up, and the point will be settled one way or other. If you're wrong, they'll not let you be in any doubt about it; if you're right, some one will find that he held it himself from the beginning. It won't be very satisfactory, anyhow, still that's what you'll do, if you take my advice."

The major thanked him, but looked doubtful. He did not, somehow, relish the programme. He had a vision of a great many hard words — not exclusively in dog Latin — which affected him unpleasantly even in anticipation. Sitting up rather disconsolately late that evening, he thought over his friend's advice, and the more he thought of it the less he liked it. That his facts were in the main right so far, he felt convinced, but that his own technical equipment was equal to supporting them, was a very different affair. If Jenkyll or any other biological luminary would have looked into the matter and pronounced upon it, then he would have felt comparatively safe. As it was, would it not be better, he asked himself ruefully, to leave the whole question alone for the present? After all, he reflected, as he got up and lit a bedroom candle, if he *was* right, some better qualified observer would no doubt hit upon the same idea sooner or later; and if he was wrong, the sooner his blunders were dropped and forgotten the better. This, it will be owned, was philosophic, but the philosophy even of an amateur naturalist is subject to lapses, and next morning he found himself eying his unfortunate box of bottles with a sense of disgust, a cold discomfort and inward self-derision, not far removed from incipient nausea. Other variations of baffled aspirations have before now produced the same pangs.

## BOOK II. — THE YOUNG IDEA.

### CHAPTER I.

THE day after his return to Devonshire he walked over to Mordaunt to see his old friend. Upon approaching the hall door he perceived that it had again assumed that appearance of fixed inhospitality which it had worn before the coming of the Helversdales, so he turned away, not without a feeling of satisfaction, to the other, known as the jib door, the same to which he and Elly had gone upon the night of their adventure, and which gave



entrance, as the reader will remember, to the wing.

Some fresh wheel-marks upon the gravel seemed to portend a visitor, and in effect upon entering the sitting-room he found Lady Mordaunt entertaining a stout lady in a green velvet dress, with a great many ostrich feathers upon her head. The day was bright and summer-like, and the lady's green velvet had a very sumptuous appearance, as if it had been assumed for the first time. The major recognized her at once. It was the same lady they had met in a barouche the morning Lady Mordaunt had come to announce the Helversdales' arrival, and who had been mentioned to him as Mrs. Cathers. He glanced round the room for her son, but there was no one else visible.

His old friend received him with all her usual kindness, more even, he fancied, than usual. She had missed him atrociously, she assured him. If he had kept away for the purpose of making himself of value, his vanity ought no doubt to be punished, but she was afraid that it would not be her hand that could administer the chastisement. Everything, he must remember, was comparative, and he was literally the only man under sixty or over sixteen within a radius of a dozen miles. He enquired, as in duty bound, after her son and daughter-in-law, and learned that they had quitted her the preceding Tuesday. They were to remain a few nights in London and then to proceed to Germany, where it was expected that they would remain at least a couple of months. As she had already informed him in her letter, her granddaughter had remained, and was at that moment in the park with Mrs. Cathers's son, who had ridden over upon his pony.

"And I sincerely hope he will not let himself be drawn into any madcap pranks by her," she went on, addressing that lady. "The child doesn't seem to know what fear is. She makes me shake in my shoes from morning till night. Literally from hour to hour, I never know what new piece of foolhardiness I may have to hear of."

Mrs. Cathers looked alarmed, but responded with some motherly pride that Algernon was a most accomplished horseman. She had had a riding-master for some months on purpose to give him instruction, and he assured her that there was nothing left for him to learn.

"Ah, well, then that is all right. I don't imagine that Elly is an accomplished horsewoman, or a horsewoman at all, only

if a hippogriffin, or a dragon with a fiery tail could be found and presented to her to ride, she would mount it without a moment's hesitation!"

Curious to renew his acquaintance with this inconvenient little phenomenon, Major Lawrence suggested that he should go to the park and see what the riders were about, to which Lady Mordaunt agreed, desiring him, however, to order them to return at once. Mrs. Cathers had asked for her carriage.

He had not gone far before he perceived them. About the middle of the park, forming a circle around a dilapidated thorn-tree, lay a well-defined ring of dull brown, left on the grass by the hoofs of horses. This circle was known as the racecourse, and in former years had been used as an exercise ground, until a closer intimacy with the innermost penetralia of the turf had caused a concentration of all Lord Helversdale's stable establishment in the vicinity of Newmarket. As the major was leisurely walking across the soft springy turf he perceived three figures on horseback; a larger one, that of a groom; two smaller ones, that of a boy and a girl, standing together upon the deserted racecourse.

It was evident, even before he was within hearing distance, that an altercation was going on between the two latter; the girl urging, the boy resisting some suggestion, that suggestion from their gestures being apparently the leaping of one of the fences which crossed this space at tolerably regular intervals; fences which, with their high furze-topped banks, presented somewhat alarming possibilities to an inexperienced rider. At last the girl's persistence seemed to overcome the boy's reluctance, for they started off together at a brisk canter towards the obstacle in question.

Seeing they were coming towards him, the major stood still. It was a pretty sight. Mounted upon a rough Exmoor pony, which usually did duty as a post-carrier, a grey skirt under her black jacket, a small grey felt hat upon her head, Elly Mordaunt looked as if she had just sprung accidentally into the saddle. Her hair, loosened by her rapid movements, lay in a brown tangle on her shoulders; her eyes shone and danced as she urged her pony forward. Her companion's appearance was much more correct. He wore a well-fitting riding-suit, with a pair of corded leggings like a man's; his pony's coat, too, shone from excess of grooming. These more orthodox accessories did not

appear to impart much confidence. His big black eyes were fixed upon the impediment in front of them with an air of anything but satisfaction. Even from where he stood, the major could see that his lips twitched nervously.

Both riders came down at a quick pace towards the fence, the boy slightly leading. His pony, a handsome bright bay, nearly thoroughbred, with black mane and tail, was evidently full of going and keen for the effort. Elly, on the contrary, had some difficulty in keeping her animal's head to the fence. Every moment it showed symptoms of swerving, and it was only by sheer determination upon the rider's part that it was kept straight. Both had their front hoofs nearly upon the brink, when young Cathers's courage suddenly gave way completely. With both hands he clutched at the reins, and with a violent wrench, which nearly brought it upon its haunches, twisted the pony's head away from the fence, and forced it to turn aside along the flattened top of the bank. At the same time the Exmoor pony seemed to collect all its energies for the effort; made a bound in the air, which brought it several feet beyond the necessary distance, to the evident astonishment of its rider, whose attention was so taken up by her own efforts to retain her seat as to be unable to observe what had befallen her companion.

As soon as she was again firm in the saddle, she turned and looked back with an air of surprise.

"Well? What happened? Why didn't you come on?" she asked.

"The brute refused," he responded promptly; "I couldn't get him to go." By way probably of proving his assertion he struck the pony a cut with his riding-whip, to which it responded by a plunge which nearly had the effect of sending its rider into the middle of a clump of furze.

"Upon my word, you're a nice unblushing little liar!" was the major's inward comment. He did not feel justified in repeating the observation aloud, however, so merely walked on towards the two riders.

"How do you do, Lady Elly? and well done!" he said good-naturedly. "You came over that fence like a little grey bird."

"Very nearly flew off like a little bird, didn't I?" she answered with a laugh. "Did you see? I hoped nobody did." Then a recollection of the last encounter seemed to come over her, for she grew red up to the brim of her hat.

The major perceived the blush, and

guessed the cause, but took no notice. "You kept his head well to the fence as you were coming down, at any rate," he said. "He had all the mind to refuse, if you would have let him."

"I suppose they don't like being asked to do things for nothing, do they?" she answered, patting her beast's mane, which was tangled like a brier fence. "The other pony did refuse."

"Oh it did, did it?"

By this time young Cathers had come up, having made the circuit of the fence, which ended a little below where the two riders had so abruptly parted company. He was evidently on anything but good terms with his pony. He looked, moreover, sullen and rather shamefaced. His beauty, however, was incontestable.

"Should you like to try again?" Elly enquired unobtrusively. "Perhaps your pony wouldn't refuse next time."

"Oh yes, it would," he answered hastily.

"I know it would, it always does. It is a nasty brute. I have another, a much larger one at home. When I come next I will ride that."

"It is not considered a good thing to chuck your bridle upon the very edge of a fence," the major could not resist observing with some significance.

The boy scowled at him, half fiercely, half with an air of apprehension; his great black eyes growing thunderous with hostility.

"Come along," he said sulkily, in a whisper to Elly. "Don't let him keep you bothering there all night."

John caught the look and the whisper. Decidedly he did not like that boy.

"When are we going to have our next walk together, Lady Elly?" he said, laying a detaining hand upon the mane of the Exmoor. "You must come and see my cottage. You said you liked queer beasts, and I have no end."

Elly's eyes brightened. "Oh, I *should* so like to go!" she said. "Have you got a trilobite? I have been wanting for years and years — all my life — to see a trilobite."

"Perhaps I have. Not alive though, you know; there aren't any trilobites alive, except perhaps in very deep water. They're all fossils — stones, you know."

"Oh," she said, with an air of disappointment, "I didn't know. I thought they were all alive."

"But I have sea-urchins, and starfish, and sea mice, and more moths and butterflies than you probably ever saw in your life," the major went on encouragingly.

"Do come," Algernon Cathers whispered irritably. "What an old bore he is! *Can't* you get away from him?"

"By the way, I was sent to tell you both that it was time to come in," John continued, turning with a suddenness which made the last speaker start. "Lady Mordaunt is anxious to see that no one has broken any bones, and your mother," nodding at young Cathers, "is going, I believe."

The person addressed made no answer, beyond another scowl.

Elly looked disappointed. "Dear me, what a pity! we might have had another gallop," she said in a tone of regret. "Do you think your mother really wants to go?"

"She won't want to go till *I'm* ready," he answered with lordly decision. As he spoke, however, he watched the major from under his black lashes, and moved his pony a few paces away with an air of apprehension.

Elly looked doubtfully from one to the other, as if uncertain whose opinion to go by. The matter was decided by the Exmoor, which, seeing his companion move away, started at a trot to follow him. His rider yielded, and the two children presently cantered off across the grass, the groom in his yellow belt thundering in their rear. When she had got half-way across the open space the girl looked back to where the major was still standing, and waved her hand to him with an air of remorse.

---

From The Fortnightly Review.  
HISTORY IN *PUNCH*.

#### PART III.

THE last quarter of the century, as chronicled in the pages of the *London Charivari*, is remarkable in the first instance for the almost total disappearance of her Majesty from the scene of politics, and the prominence in public affairs assumed by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. Besides this there is little that is startling by its novelty. England has engaged in no European war on her own account since the holding of the second great exhibition, but she has had many quarrels in other parts of the world quite as costly to life and treasure. France has indulged in a republic, and Germany has become once more an empire; the temporal power of the pope has entirely disappeared outside

the walls of the Vatican, and with it the figure of the pope-king from *Mr. Punch's* political cartoons; but for the rest the map remains very little altered. A colony has sprung into existence, or, being established, has changed hands here and there, and the charts of the Arctic regions and central Africa are fuller and more precise.

Early in 1861 *Mr. Punch* has a sketch of the Guards' monument in the snow; the figure is wrapped up and has mufflers on its hands. It was always one of *Mr. Punch's* butts.

We come upon the announcement of another volume of the Cabinet Library, published by Messrs. Palmerston, Russell & Co. It is to contain articles on "The Extension of the Suffrage," by Lord John Russell; on "Right of the Untaxed to Control Taxation," by W. E. Gladstone, and several other very happy titles.

The clerical beard movement has evidently made considerable progress, and the old "three-decker," consisting of a pulpit above the reading-desk, has not yet disappeared, for we see the handsome preacher with dark beard and scented moustache, taking off his gloves as he is about to commence his sermon in the pulpit; while immediately below him sits a heavy swell clergyman, with blonde moustache and beard, vested in surplice, bands, and scarf, who has finished his part of the service and is now resting from his labors and lounging back for a snooze, while the female congregation in spoon bonnets (only ladies present) are eying him with the tenderest admiration. Such a sketch would be almost impossible now. Do any three-deckers remain? By the way, this is a two-decker, as there is no lowest desk for the clerk. What had become of this respectable functionary in '61? The ritualistic movement gradually banished him from the prominent position he once held in the Sunday services.

A "rednosed old wallflower" complains of the lateness of evening parties and dances. They go at ten and leave at two or three or four.

*Mr. Punch* trots out some of his Parliamentary butts preparatory to the session. They are Mr. Roebuck, Edwin James, "Viscount Williams," Colonel North, Sir Francis Baring, and Mr. Bright.

The Coventry industry is at a standstill; the looms are shut, the mills are stopped.

Gaunt hunger lords it o'er the place, and *Mr. Punch* appeals to the ladies of

England to patronize the Coventry wares, to ride each one as the new Lady Godiva, decked out in Coventry ribbons, after the style of an illustration, not a cartoon, aptly supplied by Mr. John Tenniel.

In February a severe thaw sets in, and the streets are ankle-deep in slush. In the cartoon, however, the emperor is assisting the pope over the ice, and the king of Naples has fallen heavily.

John Leech in a picture suggests that the crinoline can be put to educational purposes, and be painted as a map, which the governess can wear.

At the theatres there is the pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe" at the Princess's; and at the St. James's, after seeing Mr. Alfred Wigan dying of poison through two acts of "The Isle of St. Tropez," *Mr. Punch's* critic enjoys William Brough's burlesque of "Endymion"—in which Miss Herbert played Diana—and he considers the poetical picture of the goddess descending to kiss the sleeping shepherd is "a commendable substitution of a simple and beautiful group for those bewildering accumulations of carpentry, protechnics, and *corps de ballet* which are generally considered the indispensable finale of this sort of entertainment." And this side hit at the development of lavish expenditure on theatrical effects in pantomime and extravaganza was written twenty-five years ago.

The Schleswig-Holstein question comes on the *tapis*, and no one seems to know much of anything about the place geographically.

Here is a note. "The dramatic authors, whose works have contributed so much to the success of the Windsor performances during the last three years, were entertained by Prince Albert in St. George's Hall on Thursday, and treated to 'cold shoulder.'"

The Prince of Wales goes up to Trinity College, Cambridge, and matriculates. The mayor and corporation got a thwacking from *Mr. Punch* for snobbish behavior and for their ridiculous address on this occasion.

"Who's your hatter?" was now a street slang, and "The Perfect Cure" was the popular song at a music-hall.

The Eastern Counties express train was at this time noted for a "heavy rolling" motion, as if there were "a sea on," and travelling it was not particularly comfortable, according to Mr. Charles Keene's artistic reminiscence.

Mr. Du Maurier introduces a type of lady different from Leech's. The crino-

line is made to look more graceful, and the mode of doing the hair, though really the same as in the elder artist's pictures, is decidedly more elegant.

The critic went to see a burlesque of "Timour the Tartar" at the Olympic. Robson was playing the chief part, and was taken to task for "gagging." He was an inveterate "gagger." Miss Louise Keeley is complimented on her singing in the burlesque, which otherwise seems to have been rather dull. There were two operas going on; Balfe was the composer. Payne, as the Demon Remorse at Covent Garden (in the pantomime of "Blue Beard," as we remember, though the critic, who writes very vaguely, and with no view to assisting history, does not mention the name) is said to be very good; but the writer falls foul of the new-fangled "introduction of three clowns," and the "comic business," he adds, "was insufferably dreary." The theatrical grumblers are very similar in every age.

The post-office savings banks are at work, and *Mr. Punch*, in a cartoon, is represented as advising the British workman to avoid the gin-palace and "put by for a rainy day."

Mr. Charles Kean plays Hamlet, and the critics are cudgelled for their fulsome praise of his performance.

Victor Emmanuel shakes scorpion Bombalino out of the Italy boot.

The English dramatic authors were always being charged with adapting from the French. To an announcement in *Mr. Punch's* pages of M. Eugène Scribe's death, is added the remark, "The members of the Dramatic Authors' Association are as well as can be expected."

The Bishop of Durham figures in a cartoon as refusing pecuniary help (typified by a bottle of port labelled £1,300) to the needy clergy because he had "poured it all into his cheese." Mr. Cheese was the son-in-law of the bishop, and had been presented to the living of Haughton-le-Skerne.

The Prince of Monaco sells Mentone and Roquebrune to Louis Napoleon, and *Mr. Punch* considers it cruelly inimical to style such a diminished princelet "his Serene Highness." Not a word here about the gambling-tables. Did they exist at this time?

Eastern Counties express chaffed by *Punch* for its slow pace.

The "Essays and Reviews," a volume of rather unorthodox opinions on theological subjects, makes a stir, and *Mr. Punch* says that the people look not for abuse of

the book, but for orthodox refutation of its arguments.

March 18, 1861. "Addresses of condolence voted in both Houses to her Majesty, who on the preceding Saturday had been deprived of her admirable parent the Duchess of Kent." This is from *Punch's* "Essence of Parliament."

"The Latest Arrival," Italy being welcomed at an evening party by John Bull and Britannia, is the cartoon recording that "the kingdom of Italy was constituted Monday, March 18th," and that "Garibaldi's birthday was on the 19th."

During "Passion week" (meaning "Holy Week"), the theatres are closed, and *Mr. Punch* does not wish to rouse the *Record's* wrath by suggesting they should be opened, but draws attention to the anomalous state of the licensing law, which permits "music-halls, song-saloons, cider-caves, and coalholes to be open;" which "draws the line between the stage of the Princess's and that of the Alhambra, and dictates what shall be open and what shut." Mr. Webster is playing "Janet Pride" at the Standard, after its run at the Adelphi.

The St. Vincent de Paul shoeblack boys appeared, with "S.V.P." on their arms. *Mr. Punch* said it was either "Silverpenny" or "S'il vous plaît." The sage draws the attention of St. Martin's-le-Grand to postal delays.

High Church, Low Church, bishops, clergy, and of course the pope and Mr. Spurgeon, get whacked from time to time indiscriminately all round. The subjects do not seem of any great importance, but *Mr. Punch*, as representing the great respectable middle class, was always against the slightest assumption of sacerdotalism.

Wilkie Collins's serial, "The Woman in White," makes a great sensation, which John Leech records in a very humorous picture of a nervous gentleman sitting up late to read the novel, and being interrupted by his gaunt wife in her *robe de nuit*. The era of a new style of "sensation novel" and "sensation drama" has commenced.

Palmerston and John Russell are the ministers mostly before the public now. The census is taken in April.

The old "Miller and his Men" was revived at the Haymarket, but *Mr. Punch* bewails the absence of the old wigs and melodramatic costumes and manners. This was, as it were, the farewell of the old style of sensation melodrama.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, with Mr.

John Parry, are highly popular at "the Gallery" in Regent Street; Costa is conductor at Covent Garden, where Mario, Garcia, Tamberlik, and Czillag, are singing; and Mr. Boucicault as Miles na Coppaleen having taken a hundred and sixty-seven headers in London, has gone with "The Colleen Bawn" over to Dublin. Such are the musical, operatic, and theatrical notes.

The statues of London complain of their ugliness; the statue of Havelock addresses the statue of Napier; and the light of the moon falls on the lion, "with his tail so stiff and still," on Northumberland House.

Fechter's "Hamlet" is highly eulogized, and *Mr. Punch* publishes a skit on the breakneck acrobatic performances in vogue at the Alhambra.

Mr. Wyld, who poses as "M.P. for Bodmin, and the friend of Garibaldi," and who reared a Great Globe as a show in the middle of Leicester Square, is requested (April 20, 1861) to "keep the filthy place clean and tolerably respectable, for in its present state it would be a disgrace to the dirtiest metropolis in Europe." Nearer our own times, the Duke of Mudford was appealed to in somewhat similar terms about "Mud-salad" — *i. e.*, Covent Garden Market.

The popular street ditty of the day is, "I'd choose to be a daisy, if I might be a flower." There is a small drawing, by Mr. Julian Portch, of a grocer's boy resting against a wall and howling this air.

Mr. Gladstone takes a penny off the income tax and doubles the duty on chicory. The *deux-temps* waltz has superseded the old *trois-temps*. The census is taken. Mr. Buckstone at the Haymarket as Bunny, in a comedy by Sterling Coyne, is making the public laugh. Mr. Compton is doing likewise in the same piece. The strikes in the building trade are over; Sims Reeves is singing at the Crystal Palace in "The Creation;" hooped petticoats are in; there is great excitement about a forthcoming match for the championship of the P.R.; all of which items are among *Mr. Punch's* small-beer chronicles of the time.

*Mr. Punch* mentions incidentally that T. P. Cooke, the celebrated hero of nautical drama, is still alive and hearty at eighty years of age, and appeared at a benefit performance for the funds of the Royal Dramatic College. There was on this occasion a duologue between "Comedy and modern low burlesque," written by Mr. Tom Taylor; "but," says *Mr.*



*Punch's* dramatic correspondent, "the fast school, I thank goodness, is fast wearing itself out." Then "the 'palmy days' we hear of may be again revived, and the Royal Dramatic College will flourish in its funds, and stretch its wings until they cover all who need its shelter." The "palmy days," whatever they were, have not reappeared; comedy and burlesque are much where they were a hundred years ago, allowing for changes of fashion and taste; and the Dramatic College, wings and all, has ceased to exist a considerable time ago.

"J. Close, poet laureate to the king of Grand Bonny," makes his appearance in *Punch* in consequence of Lord Palmerston having awarded him "the same pension as is occasionally given to literature and science."

The cartoon represents the American gladiators, North and South, preparing for the deadly conflict, with a black "Cæsar Imperator" seated above watching the fight.

The "fast young lady" is represented for the first time by John Leech, telling a railway porter that her luggage consists of "a portmanteau, a little bay horse, and a black retriever. And, look here, get me a hansom."

*Mr. Punch* notices as something exceptional that the lord mayor of London is invited to the Academy banquet. He says, "The Academicians ventured to invite the lord mayor of London."

Bernal Osborne is occasionally mentioned as the jester of the House of Commons.

The gorilla appears, and claims to be a man and a brother. He is the sensation of the season, and, as we have already seen, gives its key-note to the preface of *Mr. Punch's* half-yearly volume.

Adelina Patti made her début, May 14, 1861, when *Mr. Punch* counts out the House and adjourns to Mr. Gye's theatre, and records that the *diva* Grisi was in a box warmly applauding her young successor. The sage, condescending to an outrageous pun, which he fathers upon "Wiscount Williams," says that as Patti "gave Gye a lift and raised the house to a high pitch of excitement, she must be quite a Hoister Patti."

To Mr. Roebuck, M.P. for Sheffield, *Punch* has for some time given the name of "Tear'em." Groves's is still the fashionable West End fishmonger; "Harper Twelvetreets" is mentioned as a typical advertiser; the waltz is very fast and furious, and ladies come out torn to bits; the

Academy is open, and "Jack Easel" singles out for notice a boy, by Sant, a clever picture by Stanfield, a Spanish subject by Phillip, an exquisite landscape by Dyce, and a pretty horse-tamer, by Sir Edwin Landseer. Tamberlik is delighting opera-goers with his "ut de poitrine"—showing how high he can reach, and Herr Formes is showing how low he can descend. The queen spends a short time at the White Lodge, Richmond Park; Sir Richard Mayne is the chief commissioner of police; *Mr. Punch* gives the world a gushing poem in honor of Lord Palmerston by the poet Close; he calls *Bell's Life in London* the best "milling paper;" he ridicules the claim of photography to be considered as one of the fine arts; and the week before the Derby, out comes his celebrated cartoon of "A Derby Obstruction," showing Palmerston driving a pair, with Gladstone by his side and Lord John one of the grooms behind, obliged to pull up sharp owing to Dizzy's donkey-cart, which the latter has driven right across the road. The next cartoon represents "A Derby Spill." Dizzy's cart is upset, Pam is driving on triumphantly, Gladstone is raising a finger of warning to Disraeli, who is on the ground shaking his fist at the lot of them, while John Russell is "taking a sight" at the fallen obstructionist.

Kettledrum won the Derby, and *Mr. Punch* claims to have been a true prophet—after the event.

Balloon balls came in as playthings. *Mr. Punch* publishes a warning to mothers, showing a child taken up in the air by one of these inflated monsters. In this number the sage recommends Turkish baths, mentioned in these pages for the first time, with a vignette by Du Maurier. Blondin is performing on his wire at the Crystal Palace, and there is a half-crown excursion to Brighton and back.

The Delhi prize money is still delayed, and *Mr. Punch* has a touching picture of a broken-down warrior himself asking the clerk "if it will be any good his calling in twelve months' time?" to which the young official replies, that he will then be able to—"tell him when to call again."

Robson, on recovering from an illness, reappears at the Olympic, and *Mr. Punch's* theatrical critic, who is always rather severe on burlesque, records with sorrow that "Aladdin has not taken his advice and given up devoting her talents to burlesque." He admits that the young lady is highly popular, and that the public applaud her every joke. His "Miss Alad-

din" was Miss Marie Wilton, subsequently Mrs. Bancroft, as perfect in comedy as she ever was in burlesque, which she abandoned soon after taking the Prince of Wales's Theatre and playing in Tom Robertson's pieces. So *Mr. Punch's* young man was right after all.

*Mr. Punch*, as guardian of the honor and interests of the nation, turned his attention early in 1862 to what was known at the time as "the Trent outrage." Two commissioners, representing the Confederate States of America, were seized on board a British mail steamer and carried off by the Federals. From the first the public had favored the South, and this unfortunate occurrence (as no doubt this incident would have been called in these degenerate days) created a strong feeling in favor of war and revenge. Luckily the government of the day made a firm demand for reparation, which the Americans wisely admitted. It was an anxious three weeks, and the picture of Britannia looking out eagerly towards the sea as she stood beside a cannon exactly represented the situation. The result of this determined conduct was an *amende honorable* and peace. But although England secured the release of Messrs. Slidell and Mason, Federals and Confederates were regarded in common with little favor.

Turning to domestic matters we find Lord Dundreary, with his drawl, long coat, Piccadilly weepers, and half-witted thought-development, the ideal young man of the period. When introduced by Mr. Sothorn at the Haymarket Theatre he attracted but little attention, but within a month of his first appearance he had become the talk of the town. About this time Darwin introduced his origin of species theory, and Mr. Dion Boucicault (who gets chaffed by *Mr. Punch* for his presumption in giving a theatrical programme for the year, on the score that it was ridiculous to imagine that every new piece would run three months) quickly adopted the idea, showing how extremes meet, by introducing as an appropriate pair into a procession of mankind from the days of Eden, a figure of an ape and a portrait-model of Lord Dundreary.

The Windham *de lunatico inquirendo* ended, according to *Mr. Punch*, in the lawyers swallowing the oyster while the shells remained to the litigants. As Squire Windham (as he was called at Cremorne) at the close of the trial was left with those shells as a legally sane person, it is scarcely necessary to add that even they melted in course of time, leaving

nought behind. Incidentally Pimlico was mentioned in the case, which no doubt suggested a cut in which a swell protests that "Lupus Street is in South Belgravia." This was prior to the time when Kensington had extended its boundaries to Hammersmith on the west, to Kensal Green on the north, and to the neighborhood of Battersea on the south.

Captain Fowke and Mr. Sidney Smirke devised pretty arcades in the new gardens at South Kensington. "Arcades ambo," says *Mr. Punch*.

1862. Police are still wearing hats and tail-coats. Crinoline is tremendously developed. Second-class swells, as drawn by Charles Keene, are wearing wide, baggy trousers — "French trousers" we think the tailors used to call them — cut-away coats, and narrow-brimmed hats. The real aristocratic swell of this period, as drawn by John Leech, was dressed in very much the same style as he is in 1886. In the number for July 26, 1862, there is a large picture, occupying an entire page, in which may be seen the heavy swells in "Dundreary Row, Hyde Park," lounging, smoking, chatting, walking just as they have done any time during the last forty years; and these types, except that their hair was longer, that the moustache and whisker were generally worn, or the moustache alone, or whiskers alone — but in no single instance in this picture is any one wearing a beard — from the crown of the hat to the tip of the boots (a trifle more square-toed than is the fashion just now perhaps), might be the swells of the present day, from the age of twenty-six up to over forty, a range which excludes the "masher," who blooms — if he can at any period of his existence be so described — from eighteen to twenty-three, and fades at twenty-four. The gentleman's evening dress, except for the narrow-brimmed chimney-pot-shaped *Gibus* and low collar, was very much the same as it is to-day. In July, 1862, there was a scarcity of cabs, and Leech represents two swells in full evening dress, without overcoats (it was evidently a blazing hot day), being driven to their destination by a friendly costermonger, who has put his donkey-cart at their disposal.

1862. The Duke of Buccleuch opposed the Thames Embankment, and *Mr. Punch* represented his Grace as obstructing the progress of a 'bus labelled "Embankment," driven by John Bull, to whom *Punch*, as conductor, is calling out, "Drive on, John, never mind the Scotchman." The cartoon was entitled, "Sawney stops

the way." Even the duke who owns Mud-salad Market, where considerable improvements are at last being made, in deference to public opinion as specially and with the utmost pertinacity represented by *Mr. Punch*, was never treated with greater severity than was on this occasion "the Bold Buccleuch." *Mr. Punch* at this time wrote, "We want an embankment all along the north side of the river from the City to the Clock Tower at Westminster. We shall have it, but not unless Parliament and the nation speak out." We have got it, and we can proudly show it to our foreign visitors.

Charles Kean was still our leading tragedian, and to chaff him on all occasions—not ill-naturedly—was still a *Punch* tradition.

Costa, the life and soul of Covent Garden opera, was the orchestral conductor at the Handel Festival, which seems to have been a great success at the Crystal Palace, under the management of Mr. Bowley and Mr. George—now Sir George—Grove.

About this time a good deal crops up about the then notorious enameller, Madame Rachel, whose advertisement about "Beautiful forever" became a slang phrase of the day. Mr. Edwin James, the once famous queen's counsel, was disbarred, and his professional prospects being ruined in England, he subsequently set up for himself as legal adviser in New York. So *Mr. Punch* defines "the bar to which men like Edwin James belong," as "the bar sinister."

Mr. Du Maurier's hand now appears in *Punch's* pages. His typical aristocratic old colonel in evening dress is much the same as he is nowadays, and so is his footman in plush; but he was evidently not at all in sympathy with the hideous fashion of nets into which ladies used to stow away their hair.

Some charming vignettes by Dicky Doyle, which *Mr. Punch* had kept by him, occasionally appear. There is no doubt as to the draughtsman's style, but the signature is absent.

The bold Buccleuch reappears as an obstructionist in Scotland, and is severely taken to task by *Mr. Punch* as the "Caledonian boar."

From time to time, until the absolute extinction of the "temporal power," *Punch* has his fling at the pope, poking fun at Pius IX., whom fifteen years before he had extolled as the one champion of liberty among Continental sovereigns.

The American civil war is still raging, with the Confederate forces under Gener-

als Lee and Jackson. The cartoon for the number dated July 12 (*Mr. Punch*, who was not very methodical at first, gradually acquired the business-like habit of dating his pages), represents *Mr. Punch* saying to Princess Alice, on her marriage with Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt, "Bless your royal Highness! I am glad we are not going to lose you!" The title is "Au Revoir." Alas! poor princess!

*Mr. Punch* was very angry with the Conservatives who cheered the loss of the Clergy Relief Bill; "a measure," he said, "demanded by all rational and honest men." It was subsequently passed. *Mr. Punch*, like Theodore Hook, had not any great reverence for the Thirty-nine Articles, and in all Church questions he generally sided with the popular and bourgeois side, representing the middle-class ordinary church-goer, as against the High Church sacerdotalists. Ecclesiastical questions were perpetually cropping up in the ecclesiastical courts about this time, as we can see by his frequent allusion to Dr. Lushington, the Dean of Arches, but they were of only minor importance.

*Mr. Punch* records a rather severe opinion of Professor Holloway's "pills and ointment," the foundation of the fortune that built and endowed the Holloway College for ladies, which was opened by her Majesty last June. We do not think that the paragraph to be found in the number for July 12, 1862, would be inscribed on a plaque and adopted as a mural decoration for the new college.

Archery was a fashion in the country this year, as we see from Leech's sketches.

Naturally the great exhibition attracted considerable favorable attention, although its exterior was received from the first with derision. The commissioners of 1851 had instructed an officer of the Royal Engineers to furnish the design for the building, and his efforts were not to be compared with the earlier labors in the same direction of Sir Joseph Paxton. Upon John Bull presenting Madame London with a model of the institution, she is shown complaining of its ugliness, and trusting that the inside is better than the exterior.

1863. The chief social and political event of this year was the marriage of the Prince of Wales, a fact that reminds us that the jubilee of her Majesty will be immediately followed by the year making the heir apparent's "silver wedding."

*Mr. Punch* celebrated the joyful occasion by one of the best of his cartoons.

The pageant of the nuptial procession was supplemented with sketches of the "situation" abroad. Here are a few of them: The Greek throne being put up to auction; the American twins, North and South, engaged in a fratricidal duel to the death; Poland, armed with her chains, defying the Russian bear; the spectre of Charles I. pointing to the block, and warning the king of Prussia of the fate reserved for monarchs who tamper with their people's liberty. And last but no least, Napoleon III. crushing out the life of prostrate France. Scarcely were the marriage festivities over before news reached England of the discovery of the source of the Nile, a scientific event which furnished *Mr. Punch* with many a subject for pleasant banter. A double-page cartoon marks the commencement of the co-operative-store movement. The interior is shown of the coffee-room of an hotel "run" (as the Americans would say) by aristocrats. Peers wearing their stars, garters, and coronets are seen acting as waiters and carvers "from the joint." At this time ladies were wearing gigantic crinolines, and the fashionable amusements were "sensational" performances of a more or less dangerous character. *Mr. Punch* from the first had set his face against lofty tumbling on the tight-rope, and when a poor woman fell off the rope and was killed Mr. Tenniel used his pencil to good effect by showing death cutting the cord. The year closes with the sage of Fleet Street congratulating Mr. Serjeant Shee, a Catholic, upon his elevation to the bench. Nowadays the religion of a judge is absolutely ignored, and it matters not a jot whether he be Jew or Gentile, Anglican, Roman, or Dissenter.

The celebration of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth was perhaps, on the whole, the feature of 1864. *Mr. Punch*, to give it national importance, published an extra special Shakespearian number.

Exigencies of space compel us to glance at the next ten years with the greatest possible brevity. Abroad, the war between Denmark on the one side and Prussia and Austria on the other was followed by the quarrel between the two German powers. Our national sympathies were strongly enlisted in the cause of the father of "our own princess," and so *Mr. Punch* showed the king and Kaiser (there was but one Teutonic emperor in those days) fighting as robbers over the spoil. The American war came to an end with the collapse of the "Secesh" rebellion, and the North was depicted as the successful

gladiator at the moment of "habet." Politics in England were represented by Gladstone, Bright, and Russell on the Liberal benches, and Disraeli, Derby, and a number of minor celebrities on the Conservative. Reform, the Irish Church, and the abolition of the income tax, were burning questions. *Mr. Punch* made great fun of John Bright entering the Cabinet, showing him in one cartoon assuming the official uniform for the first time, and in another dancing with the Princess of Wales. As a matter of fact, it is very doubtful if "the Tribune of the People" (as the great free-trader was called twenty years ago) ever wore anything more gaudy than the ordinary evening dress of a private gentleman. The ups and downs of the rival parties furnished subjects for several excellent cartoons, such as two pictures of "The Political Tournament," and one of "Ixion out of Heaven." In the last "Dizzy" was depicted bound to the wheel of "Minority" being cast forth by John Bright as Hercules; while Britannia as Juno, and Gladstone as Jupiter (holding the bolts of "Majority"), sternly regard his fall. Turning once again from home, the affairs of Greece and Spain seemed in a state of chronic confusion. Prince Alfred revisited Australia, and all but lost his life at the hands of an assassin. We had wars in various parts of Africa. In 1870 the third empire fell, and with the fall came the invasion of France by the Germans. The siege of Paris was followed by the terrible excesses of the Commune. From the first *Mr. Punch* warned our "lively neighbors" that the quarrel with the stranger beyond the Rhine must end in disaster. When the French troops on their way to Berlin started from Paris headed by Napoleon III. and his only son, *Punch* produced a cartoon which was at once a prediction and a warning, for he depicted the shade of the great Bonaparte appearing to the emperor and the youthful prince imperial, bidding them turn back ere it is too late; but though his son is dimly conscious of the spectre's presence, Napoleon III. rides on blindly to his doom. The rapid collapse of "all the glories of the grand nation" supplied *Mr. Punch* with the subject of many a cartoon intensely tragic. Paris treading under foot the emblems of her frivolity, and crying to her people to man the ramparts; the same figure grovelling in the dust as the conquering Kaiser rode over her prostrate form, are two of the most impressive of these striking pictures. It was about

this time that the Marquis of Lorne married the Princess Louise, and popular sentiment welcomed the match as affording a precedent for the discontinuance of "German matches." Attention was so concentrated upon events abroad that purely domestic matters were almost disregarded. Long runs at the various theatres gave the dramatic critics little to do in recording new pieces, and "the fashions" were practically at a standstill. Annual exhibitions at South Kensington familiarized the public with variations on the prince consort's original theme. But there was one incident that drew attention to the home circle with painful abruptness; the sudden and serious illness of the Prince of Wales when he had just reached the prime of his manhood caused a thrill of emotion to run through the land; and this and his wonderful recovery were worthily commemorated in the pages of the *London Charivari*.

The death of Lord Beaconsfield, the occupation of Egypt, and the creation of the empire of India, need not here be touched upon, as they are matters of yesterday.

ARTHUR A BECKETT.  
F. C. BURNAND.

---

From Good Words.  
MAJOR AND MINOR.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "NO NEW THING," "MY FRIEND JIM,"  
"MADEMOISELLE MERSAG," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

UNDER THE CLIFF.

COMMANDERS in the navy do not, as a rule, seek for coastguard employment unless they are getting on in life, and have to face the imminence of that dread shelving process whereby the slow flow of promotion is kept moving; but it was owing neither to advanced years nor to fear of being superseded that that smart officer, Captain Mitchell, happened to be where he was in the year of grace with which this history deals. Long before, when he had been a young lieutenant studying gunnery at Portsmouth, and Admiral Greenwood had been upon active service, and Kitty had been still in the schoolroom, he had made up his mind that if ever he could afford to marry, Kitty Greenwood, and no other, should be his wife. It was a bold determination, for his prospects of possessing means sufficient to maintain a family might at the time have been repre-

sented by a simple zero, nor could it be said that he received any encouragement from the youthful object of his affections. However, he was very sanguine by nature, and it is true that in those callow days of thoughtless merriment Miss Kitty made a great friend of him, and delighted in his society. She was grateful to him for taking so much notice of her; she admired his physical strength; she participated in his somewhat uproarious notions of fun; and when cruel fate decreed that Admiral Greenwood should retire to a life of dignified leisure, and that Lieutenant Mitchell should proceed to the Persian Gulf for his country's good, she gave him her photograph at parting, and dropped a tear upon it.

Thus it came to pass that for a matter of two years there was a happy man in the Persian Gulf, and very likely he was the only one within that torrid region of whom as much could be said. To be sure, it did not take a great deal to make him happy. He returned to his native shores to find that a benevolent uncle was dead, leaving him a fortune of a few hundreds a year; and when, almost simultaneously with this news, he was given the refusal of an appointment which would involve his residence at Kingscliff, what could he do but jump at the offer and jump for joy, like the simpleton that he was?

His joy was short-lived. Alas! it is not with impunity that a lover can betake himself to the Persian Gulf, nor is there any known means of preventing time from moving on, or schoolgirls from developing into young ladies during his absence. Poor Mitchell found his old playfellow as charming as ever, indeed, and vastly improved in respect of form and feature; but she had quite given up romping; she had adopted serious, though of course highly commendable, ideas about woman's mission, and she showed a very distinct dislike to being reminded of bygone pranks. This was rather disheartening; but what was a thousandfold worse was that, among the many admirers who beset her, there was one for whom she displayed a predilection which was only too unmistakable. From the very first Mitchell perceived that there could be little hope for him so long as Gilbert Segrave remained in the field. Of that popular young man he conceived an opinion so low that he very wisely refrained from giving utterance to it, and only evidenced his dislike and contempt in indirect fashions, which rather amused than annoyed his rival. If he did not propose to Miss



Greenwood it was because such a proceeding would have been entirely superfluous. She (and, for that matter, the whole neighborhood) was perfectly well acquainted with his sentiments, and he judged it better to await events patiently than to court rejection. The principal event which he awaited was nothing less than the disgrace and discomfiture of Gilbert Segrave. Upon grounds which would hardly have borne examination, he had decided that Gilbert was "a bad lot," and with a fine faith in eternal justice, he took it for granted that any one who could be so described must eventually show himself in his true colors, and meet with his deserts.

Meanwhile, he was thankful if he could obtain an occasional half hour with Kitty when Gilbert was not present, and all the more thankful for such brief intervals of happiness because their occurrence was of the utmost rarity. It was he who, when Miss Greenwood at last consented to fulfil an oft-deferred engagement, and allow him to take her out for a sail in his twenty-ton cutter, the *Zephyr*, had proposed that they should make the bathing-cove at Beckton their goal — a most wily suggestion, since it not only insured the support of the enemy (without which no suggestion would have had a chance of success), but rendered it almost imperative upon the enemy that he should await the party on shore with luncheon, instead of accompanying them on their short cruise.

Miss Huntley and Miss Joy having consented to take part in the expedition, Admiral and Mrs. Greenwood promptly cried off from it. They said that Miss Joy would be a sufficient chaperon for their daughter, and added, with some plausibility, that it was a great deal too late in the year for old people to eat their meals out of doors, and loiter about in the shade.

However, the day, when it came, proved to be one of those rare and delicious ones on which the inhabitants of Kingscliff were accustomed to wear an air of modest triumph, assuring the credulous stranger that he now knew what their winter climate was like. The wind blew lightly from the north-west, the sun shone down from an unclouded sky, the frost, which a few miles inland had silvered the grass and hardened the surface of the earth, could not penetrate beyond those sheltering heights; and even Miss Joy, who had her own reasons for preferring dry land to salt water, was compelled to admit, as she scrambled on to the deck of the *Zephyr*,

that it would be impossible for any one to feel squeamish in such weather.

"Can't you take us for a long sail, Captain Mitchell?" the excellent woman asked. "An opportunity like this may never recur, and it seems hardly worth while to have come on board only to round that point and disembark again. Why, we shall be there in less than a quarter of an hour!"

"Not quite so soon as that," answered Mitchell, who, for his part, would have asked for nothing better than to remain all day at sea, without food or drink. "We shall have to take a good long reach out, and then beat back against the wind. I dare say it will take us the best part of an hour and a half."

Now it certainly need not have taken them anything like so long; and of that Miss Greenwood, who was a sailor's daughter, was perhaps aware; but perhaps also her kindness of heart may have prompted her to keep her suspicions to herself; for women when in love are seldom so selfish as men in a like predicament. Mitchell placed a wicker chair for her close to the tiller, which he held, and so they moved swiftly and smoothly out before the breeze, while Miss Huntley, who had seated herself a short distance farther forward, leant over the bulwarks and contemplated the sunny expanse of blue water, with her stout companion by her side.

"Beatrice, dear," said the latter, "do you really think that Cannes would be so much better than this?"

"I have not the most distant intention of going to Cannes," was the unexpected reply; "how could you think such a thing of me? Don't you know that we should meet all London there? — possibly even Clementina herself. No, Matilda; in spite of all foreign inducements, I think we will remain where we are, and where nobody that we ever saw or heard of before is the least likely to turn up. Besides, I have always understood that the air of the Riviera is too dry for people who suffer from bronchitis."

Miss Joy gave a little sigh of satisfaction. She was one of those happy and amiable persons who are always satisfied when those about them are so; and this naturally made her the very worst chaperon in the world. She turned her broad back now upon the young lady who had been committed to her charge; and it may be hoped that poor Mitchell spent an hour in which pleasure was a little less neutralized by pain than was usually the case

when his Kitty deigned to talk to him. Pleasant or not, it could not be indefinitely prolonged, and he was obliged at length to get about and make for the shore below Beckton, whence Brian and Gilbert had been for some time watching his manoeuvres with interest and amusement.

The bathing-cove where Gilbert was waiting to receive his guests was a warm little nook beneath overhanging red cliffs, blocks of which were continually crumbling away and becoming worn in due course by the waves into admirable natural tables. Upon one of these Gilbert had spread his cloth and made ready his feast; and soon after his preparations had been completed his elder brother sauntered down from the house and joined him.

"What on earth are they about?" exclaimed Brian, pointing to the white sail in the offing. "They seem to be going upon the same principle as the governor, who always travels up to town and down again when he wants to get into the next county."

Gilbert laughed. He had no difficulty in guessing what the steersman's reasons were for allowing himself such an exaggerated share of sea-room, and he was philosophical enough to feel quite unconcerned with regard to them.

"Mitchell is taking advantage of a fair wind," said he. "Perhaps he thinks it will chop round and bring him back if he waits long enough. The wind very often does change in these parts, you know. I think it was only yesterday that I was directing your attention to that circumstance."

The speaker's tone was good-humored, but there was a certain subacid flavor in it which Brian noticed, not without surprise. He had not chanced to be alone with his brother since their drive home together on the previous evening, nor had anything passed between them with reference to their father's sudden recantation. That Gilbert would be in any degree disappointed thereby Brian had not for one moment supposed. Had their cases been reversed, he himself would undoubtedly have rejoiced with all his heart at the thought that he would not now be obliged to profit by an act of injustice; and it may be that he was somewhat unreasonable in expecting a thoroughly prudent and clear-sighted man to feel as he would have done.

"All's well that ends well," he remarked rather doubtfully.

"I didn't know that we had come to the end yet," said Gilbert. "However, I congratulate you, so far. As for myself, I

can only regret that, as I said, Miss Huntley is not the woman to espouse the younger son of a country squire. If she were, I should feel it my duty to make myself very agreeable in that quarter."

Brian strolled away without replying. He did not like jokes of that kind. Gilbert was evidently and undisguisedly in love with Kitty Greenwood, and although, to be sure, there was no immediate likelihood of his being in a position to marry her, he ought not to talk as if he could possibly marry any one else. Then, as was only natural, he fell to thinking about Beatrice Huntley and her alleged matrimonial destiny and forgot all about his brother. He was still plunged in meditation when the cutter brought up in the bay, and was only just in time to run down and help the ladies out of the small boat into which they had been transferred.

Miss Huntley's first words were very welcome to him; for he judged by them, and even more by the voice in which they were spoken, that her mood was no longer what it had been the night before.

"What a glorious day! and what a perfect place for a picnic!" she said, as she stepped lightly ashore. "Do you often have days like this in winter?"

"Very seldom," answered the truthful Brian; "still, every now and again they do come when one least expects them. I have known it quite as warm in January and February as it is now."

"You don't say so? Really I am very much tempted to buy a house in Kings-cliff."

"I wish you would!" exclaimed Brian fervently.

"Thanks; but why should you wish me to do a foolish thing? The house would be locked up from year's end to year's end most likely. Just now I feel as if I should very much like to have a little city of refuge which I could make for when the world became oppressive; but in reality it isn't easy to run away, and it is even less easy to run far. Besides, all you people whom I am interested in here are sure to disperse before long, and then I shan't care to come back."

"I, at all events, am a fixture," remarked Brian.

"That would be a powerful attraction, if one could feel as confident of the fact as you do; but I suspect you will find yourself drawn up to London eventually, like everybody else who has talent—or ought I, perhaps, to say genius? To be such a musician as you are, and to be satisfied with sometimes playing the organ

on Sundays in a country church, is an altogether impossible state of things. You will have to compose; and you will have to make your compositions known, and so I venture to predict that you will be breathing the air of South Kensington shortly."

"Do you think so?" asked Brian. He had very little—indeed, far too little—ambition; but at that moment an absurd idea came into his head that a famous musician might have claims upon the hand of a lady of fortune to which the mere son of a country gentleman could not pretend.

"Of course I think so," replied Miss Huntley. "It is true, too, which is more to the purpose. What a happy thing it would be for certain other people whom I could name if their future were as clearly marked out for them as yours is!"

They had wandered away a short distance from the others, and Miss Huntley, as she spoke, was gazing pensively at the little group gathered round Gilbert's improvised table.

"I don't mean your brother," she added explanatorily; "I think I could tell his fortune with something like accuracy. But what is to become of that poor pretty little girl and that great foolish sailor I haven't an idea. I haven't an idea of what is to become of me either."

"Won't that depend very much upon yourselves?" Brian suggested.

"I don't think so. Do you suppose Captain Mitchell can help being so comically miserable, or that Kitty Greenwood can help being made ridiculously happy by the attentions of a man who, in the nature of things, will end by throwing her over? We won't discuss the future, though. Let us make the most of a smiling present and a luncheon which looks attractive. I am now going to be cheerful and 'scatter mirth around.'"

She was as good as her word. It may be that her high spirits were, as she implied, assumed; but it is much more likely that they were spontaneous, for the perspicuous reader will doubtless have discovered by this time that Miss Huntley had little power of self-control, and seldom cared to exercise the little that she possessed. Be that as it may, her behavior during the *al fresco* meal was very much like that of a schoolgirl out for a holiday, nor was it long before her neighbors became infected by her humor. She roused the melancholy Mitchell from his gloom, persuaded him to exhibit some of those feats of legerdemain in which, like

most naval men, he was a proficient, and finally to oblige the company with a song of an exquisitely comic character. Then, later in the afternoon, when the party had broken up into twos and had separated and met again, nothing would satisfy her but that Miss Joy should dance the sailor's hornpipe.

"You know you can do it, Matilda, you have told me so over and over again, and now is the time to prove that you are no vain boaster."

"Indeed I shall do nothing of the sort!" cried Miss Joy. "A likely story, at my time of life, and with no music either! Not but what the sailor's hornpipe is one of the prettiest dances that ever was invented."

"So it is, Miss Joy," agreed Mitchell heartily; "and I'll dance it with you and whistle you a tune at the same time. Come along!"

Miss Joy declined energetically; but the general chorus of entreaty was too much for her good-nature.

"Very well, then," she said at length, "I'll just show you the step. There is nothing to laugh at. I don't suppose one of you could learn it under a month of hard practice."

So Mitchell led her out to a space of hard sand, and before he had whistled half-a-dozen bars, enthusiasm and professional instinct had swept all self-consciousness out of her; in so much that if Mr. Buswell had witnessed her performance he would without any doubt have offered her then and there a lucrative engagement at the music-hall which it was his fixed intention to open in the course of the ensuing year.

Mr. Buswell was not so far favored, but somebody else was, for at this juncture Sir Brian Segrave came slowly down from the heights and stood for a moment, leaning on his stick and surveying the group.

Gilbert, who was the first to catch sight of his father, whisked round on his heels, thrust his hands deep into his pockets and stared out to sea, with his lips pursed up. "Now we shall have a row!" he whispered to Kitty, who was standing beside him. "The chances are that he will order us all off as trespassers."

But the old gentleman was guilty of no such discourtesy. He approached softly and seated himself on a rock beside Miss Huntley, who, for her part, was in no wise disconcerted, but merely held up her hand as a warning to him not to betray his presence. Miss Joy, having her back turned towards the land, went on capering

with the utmost agility; but Mitchell, who was facing her, faltered, stopped whistling, and broke into a loud, though somewhat embarrassed laugh. Then poor Miss Joy executed a swift turning movement, and her cheeks, which were already flushed with exercise, assumed a rich sunset glow.

"Oh, Sir Brian," she gasped, "what must you think of me!"

"My dear lady," answered Sir Brian, "I think you deserve all the applause we can give you for reminding us of a forgotten art. In my young days dancing was one of the fine arts. I am old enough to remember Taglioni and Fanny Ellsler, and that makes me a great deal too old to join a picnic of young people nowadays, does it not? I was watching the workmen who are making a new path at the top of the cliff, and I thought I would just come down and have a look at you; but I shall take myself off now. I don't want to be a wet blanket."

"He has managed to be a kill-joy, at all events," muttered Gilbert to his neighbor, with a side glance at the unfortunate dancer, who was fanning herself with her pocket-handkerchief, and looking the picture of misery.

The others, however, declared that Sir Brian should not be allowed to go away until the water had been boiled and he had been given a cup of tea, and, after protesting a little for form's sake, he let them over-persuade him. The truth was that the sight of their merriment had made him feel a little lonely, and he was pleased that they should wish to admit him to a share in it.

But, of course, with all the good-will in the world, they could not do that. Age must needs be lonely, and Miss Huntley, for one, became instantly serious after Sir Brian's advent, though she took some pains to be pleasant to him, admiring the stately old pile which towered above them, dark and massive against the evening sky, and leading him on to talk of the improvements that he had effected in the property during his tenure of it. He remained chatting with her until Gilbert and Kitty, who had been lighting a fire in a cleft just under the cliff, called out that the kettle was boiling.

"Do you know that you have chosen rather a dangerous place?" said the old gentleman, as he rose to obey their summons. "The men are working at the new path exactly over our heads, and they may send a shower of stones down upon us. Brian, will you, like a good fellow, go up and tell them that they may as well knock

off for to-day? The light won't last much longer."

"All right," answered Brian, and ran quickly up the zigzag track which led to the heights above.

When he had nearly reached the top he paused for an instant to take breath, and looked down at the little knot of people below him. A thin column of blue smoke rose perpendicularly from the fire, round which they were congregated; they seemed to be very merry together, the sound of their laughter being distinctly audible in that still atmosphere; Sir Brian, bending forward, with his elbows on his knees, was saying something to Miss Huntley, whose clear-cut profile was turned towards him, and Miss Joy was pouring out the tea, Mitchell standing up with the kettle in his hand beside her. The whole scene—the party round the fire, the yellow sand, the red cliffs, the dark-blue expanse of water, imprinted itself upon Brian's mind like an instantaneous photograph and will scarcely lose its distinctness while he lives. What struck him at the moment was his father's somewhat unwonted geniality and apparent enjoyment of the conversation of his neighbor. Sir Brian had once spoken in a disparaging tone of "the contractor's daughter," but that prejudice had evidently been surmounted, and the young man thought that, in view of certain wild and delightful possibilities, it would be well that his father and Miss Huntley should be friends.

Thinking of these things, he turned with a smile to resume the ascent, when suddenly his heart gave a bound, the color fled from his cheeks, and craning over the edge he raised both hands to his mouth and shouted to those below him, "Run!—run for your lives!"

The warning did not come a second too soon. He saw them start up and disperse, and immediately afterwards the mass of earth and rocks of which he had caught sight in the very instant of its separation from the face of the cliff swept past him, the dust of it filling his eyes, and hurled itself with a roar as of thunder into the narrow cleft beneath. No slip of such magnitude had taken place for years, and, but for the narrowness of the chasm which confined its path, it is hardly possible that a single one of the party whom Brian had been contemplating the minute before could have escaped alive.

He did not wait to see what the effects of the catastrophe were, but rushed at the top of his speed down the path by which

he had ascended, and the first person whom he met was Miss Huntley, looking pale and scared, but unhurt.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, no!—no!" she gasped, wringing her hands. "Your father—he could not get up in time, and we all ran away; we did not think of him. Oh, can't anything be done?"

What could be done was done without delay. The laborers, to whose work on the summit of the cliff the landslip may have been in some degree due, hurried down as quickly as they could, and set to work manfully with picks and shovels; Brian, Gilbert, and Mitchell took off their coats and helped them; but though they encouraged one another by saying that men had been dug out of as great a depth as that alive before then, they knew in their hearts that the task was a hopeless one; and indeed it was not until long after nightfall that they came upon what had once been Sir Brian Segrave, lying buried beneath a block of sandstone which must have crushed the life out of him instantaneously.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### THE READING OF THE WILL.

THAT large and seemingly increasing class of persons who attribute the government of mundane affairs to certain inexorable laws of unknown origin must sometimes, one would think, find the world a curiously provoking place of abode. To have emancipated one's self from all degrading trammels of faith in the supernatural, possibly even (though this would appear to be more rare) from every lingering taint of superstition, to stand erect in all one's ineffable dignity as a vertebrate biped with reasoning faculties of the grandest order, and after all to be reminded at every turn that one's knowledge of the reign of law avails nothing, and that one's best-laid schemes of life, together with one's very life itself, are at the mercy of a mere stupid accident—this, surely, should be enough to make the clear-sighted philosopher grind his teeth in impotent indignation. Is it worth while to have shaken off the bondage of revealed religion only to fall under the dominion of blind chance? And certainly, upon the blind-chance theory, few better instances of the absurdity of existence could be adduced than that poor old Sir Brian Segrave's death should have occurred when it did. It is true that some people might see in that catastrophe an argument

against the intervention of Providence, and might urge that an event so apparently uncalled-for, so purposeless, and so likely to be productive of evil results, ought not to be attributed to anything but the disintegration of the soil caused by heavy rains and subsequent night frosts. Everything depends upon the point of view; and as very few theories are susceptible of proof, we shall probably all continue to enjoy the satisfaction of calling our neighbors fools until the end of the chapter.

Brian, happily for himself, indulged in no such speculations and moralizings upon the misfortune which had deprived him of his dear old man; nor, so far as that goes, was he for some time provided with the requisite grounds upon which to base them. All that he realized was that his father was dead, and if he went somewhat beyond the truth in declaring to himself that he had lost his best friend, so much of exaggeration may very well be pardoned to his grief. It is not certain that Sir Brian had been a very good friend to his elder son. He might, if he had taken more trouble to understand the lad, have made him happier, and educated him into a less helpless member of society than he now seemed likely to prove; he might have, and indeed ought to have, trained him either to become a country squire or to become something else; yet he had loved him and had been loved by him; and that, when all is said and done, may be taken as tolerably exhaustive of the question of friendship.

Brian's sorrow was far more profound than Gilbert's, as was also his loss. The old man had admired Gilbert and been proud of him; but there had never been much sympathy between them; they had never had foolish tiffs, followed by speedy reconciliations, and the removal of the one left little or nothing of a blank in the life of the other. But to Brian it seemed as if, with his father's death, the world had come to an end. He knew now, as he had never known before, for how much that hasty, irascible, warm-hearted old fellow had counted in all his pleasures and pursuits; he had felt for him that tender sort of affection which one man feels for another whom he thoroughly understands, but by whom he is himself imperfectly understood; and although so much had been said of late about his ultimate succession to the property, he had always regarded that as something that might come to pass years hence, not as an imminent contingency. So during those dark



days when the blinds at Beckton were drawn down and the servants went about on creaking tiptoe, whispering hoarsely to one another after the manner of their kind, he shut himself up and would not see anybody — not even Monckton, who called and was received by Gilbert.

Gilbert it was who, having his wits about him, undertook the painful duties which ought to have been discharged by his elder brother. It was necessary that an inquest should be held and that Brian should give evidence at it; it was necessary, too, that preparations should be made for a funeral of old-fashioned pomp and ghastliness, and that letters should be written to relatives and friends inviting them to attend the ceremony. All these things Gilbert saw to, and some people thought it odd that he should take so much upon him.

Brian, if he could have had his way, would have dispensed with all the dismal panoply of mutes and plumes, and would have asked only a few intimate friends to follow his father's body to the grave; but Gilbert, when this was suggested to him, shook his head and said he was afraid it wouldn't do. One must conform to prescribed customs, whatever one's private opinion might be as to their desirability, and although it was true that his brother and he had now no near relations left, they had a certain number of cousins in different parts of England to whom some intimation of their kinsman's demise ought to be conveyed, and who very likely would not feel bound to come to Beckton on this melancholy occasion.

However, a good many of them did come. They arrived the day before that fixed for the funeral, wearing an air of conventional concern which some of them had obvious difficulty in maintaining after dinner, and with them came sundry of Sir Brian's old cronies and comrades in arms, Sir Hector Buckle among the rest. Brian took rather a fancy to Sir Hector, whose regret he perceived to be genuine, and who said some laudatory things of his deceased friend in a curiously apologetic tone.

"A smart officer in his day, and as up-right and good-hearted a fellow as I've ever known — I don't care who asserts anything else. We all have our faults, and he had his; but I'll answer for it that he always meant to do the straight thing and the right thing. Confound it all!"

Brian did not see the relevance of the last ejaculation, nor could he understand

why Sir Hector showed so much kindness and commiseration to him, and was so abrupt, not to say rude, in his manner towards Gilbert; but he supposed that this might be partly accounted for by a candid observation which fell from that veteran in the course of the evening, and which made him smile for the first time since his loss.

"That brother of yours," Sir Hector said, "hasn't much of the Segrave about him. You Segraves are mostly fools and mostly men whom one would die for at a pinch. Your poor dear father was both, as I've told him often enough, and so, I should think, are you, by the look of you. Now your brother, I take it, is no fool, and I'm blessed if I can imagine anybody wanting to die for him!"

On the following day, which was wild, grey, and gloomy, with occasional splashes of rain, the funeral procession took its slow way to the little church beneath which so many generations of Brians and Gilberts lie buried, and was really imposing after a fashion, despite all the undertaker's desperate efforts to render it ridiculous. The tenantry preceded the hearse; behind it walked the two brothers, side by side and bareheaded; a large gathering of their relatives, friends, and acquaintances followed them on foot; then came six empty mourning coaches and then a line of carriages, representing every magnate and semi-magnate in the county. In Kingscliff flags were flying at half-mast, and most of the shops were closed. Their owners lined the roadside from the mansion to the churchyard, and not a few of them seemed to be unaffectedly distressed. In these days a man can hardly hope to be popular unless he spends money freely, and Sir Brian had never had much money to spend; but Kingscliff, notwithstanding Buswellian influences and innovations, still maintained something of an old-world character, and mourned its autocratic, obstinate, but not ungenerous lord of the manor, without perhaps very well knowing why. Monckton, a shrewd observer, attributes this phenomenon (which is not likely to recur) to the fact that Sir Brian Segrave was a gentleman, but declines to explain his meaning more fully on being pressed.

When all was over, when the neighbors, high and low, had dispersed, and the blinds at Beckton had once more been drawn up, those who had spent the previous night there assembled in the library to hear the will of the late owner read by

Mr. Potter. As they knew that none of their names would be mentioned in it, they took but a languid interest in the proceedings, only three of the persons present — Gilbert Segrave, Sir Hector Buckle, and Mr. Potter himself — betraying a certain amount of uneasiness. As for Brian, it will perhaps hardly be believed, but it is nevertheless the case, that he regarded this formality as simply tedious and unnecessary.

The lawyer began to say that it was not for him to offer any remarks upon the disposition which his late client had thought fit to make of his property. His duty was merely to make known the provisions of the will, which were few in number and of very recent date. He then read out a list of legacies to various servants, and concluded with, "And the residue of my estate both real and personal (here followed a dense cloud of legal phraseology) I give and bequeath to my son Gilbert for his sole use and behoof." And then came further high-sounding words, designed to avert any misconception of the above plain declaration.

A subdued, inarticulate murmur arose from the audience, succeeded by a hush. Then one old gentleman raised his hand to his ear and asked, very slowly and distinctly, "Do I understand that my late kinsman has constituted his second son sole heir to his property, and that the name of the elder son does not even appear in the will to which we have been listening?"

Mr. Potter replied that that was so.

"Oh, indeed!" said the old gentleman.  
"Oh, indeed!"

Sir Hector Buckle rose hastily, crossed the room, and sat down beside Brian, whom he patted on the shoulder. He was going to say "Never mind;" but reflected upon the utter imbecility of such an exhortation, and so held his tongue.

Brian, after glancing at Gilbert, who stared straight before him, with no expression whatever upon his face, jumped up. "I think," said he, "I ought to tell you that this will doesn't really mean anything. My dear father made it hastily in consequence of a — a difference between us, for which I was entirely to blame. He thought better of it immediately afterwards, and was upon the point of going up to London to revoke it when — when our misfortune happened."

To this no one made any rejoinder, and Brian was a little chilled by the general silence. "I don't know," he went on

presently, "how far strangers may be disposed to accept my word for the fact; but those who know me are not very likely to disbelieve me."

"My dear fellow, nobody disbelieves you," Sir Hector Buckle said in his ear, "and I'm very glad to hear that my poor old friend altered his mind at the last. But unhappily he couldn't alter his will, you see."

"It is the same thing," Brian answered, with a slightly troubled look. "Gilbert knows what his intentions were; he told us both."

These words, although uttered in a low voice, were audible all over the room; yet they elicited no response. Gilbert continued to stare impassively at nothing; and by-and-by the old gentleman who had refused to believe his ears in the first instance remarked solemnly, "A will is a will."

There was no gainsaying that statement; the voice of the law, speaking through Mr. Potter, confirmed it by a murmur of "Just so — just so;" and then there was a general pushing back of chairs and consultation of watches. The persons assembled were anxious to get back to London by the afternoon express, and it was high time for them to start. They took leave of the brothers with countenances expressive of benevolent concern, and a strong desire to be off before any unseemly wrangle should occur. They were sorry for Brian, but their not unnatural impression was that he must have done something very queer to be so treated; they were scarcely convinced that Sir Brian had only been prevented by death from undoing what he had apparently been determined to do ten days back; and upon the whole they were inclined to echo the opinion of their self-constituted spokesman that a will is a will.

Brian mechanically shook hands with each of them in turn, as they filed past him towards the door and made their escape. Sir Hector Buckle retained his hand in a firm grasp for a moment, saying, "Keep a good heart, my lad, and drop me a line to the Senior when you begin to see your way a little. If I can do anything to serve your father's son, it will be done with real good-will; you may be sure of that."

"Thank you, Sir Hector," Brian answered a little wonderingly, for the situation was by no means clear to him as yet.

When only Gilbert and Mr. Potter were left, he turned towards them, and opened

his lips as if to speak; but, changing his mind, hastily left the room and the house. Outside it was damp and murky, with low mists stealing over the hilltops and darkness coming on fast; but there was a moist freshness in the air which was at least better than the choking atmosphere of the closed library. Brian filled his lungs with it and strode on across the park until he reached a point whence he could distinguish Kingscliff and the calm bay, with the Manor House in the foreground, looming large through the haze. The Manor House, as he realized all at once, was his property now; strictly speaking, it was the only property that he possessed. He stood still and pushed his hat back from his forehead, trying to think. That his father had intended him to be the heir was absolutely certain; could it be, then, that his brother intended to take advantage of the suddenness of their common loss to juggle him out of what was morally his right? He reddened with shame at himself for admitting such thoughts into his mind; yet what interpretation was he to put upon Gilbert's strange and ominous silence? Men of Brian's age and character have immense difficulty in understanding the baser side of human nature, and in making excuses for its various manifestations. They see the path of honor with young, unclouded eyes; they are aware that knaves exist who stray from it; but they have not perhaps met a great many of them, and it is not without serious danger that they can be brought to the conviction that those whom they love may be guilty of dishonorable conduct. If that be so, they are apt to conclude in their haste that this world is but little better than hell, and the only true wisdom is to believe in nobody. In later life one's point of view changes. One grows accustomed to little acts of meanness which men and women of average probity are continually committing; one discovers that the vast majority of mankind are forever deceiving themselves and others, some wilfully, some almost blamelessly; one's own conscience, it may be, is not quite clear, and so toleration—or, as most of us prefer to call it, charity—becomes possible.

Now, as Brian stood there with his hands in his pockets, gazing out at the blurred prospect of cliff and sea, the devil was not far from his elbow; and perhaps some very witty persons might say that, under the circumstances, the arrival of an attorney upon the scene was in strict accordance with the fitness of things. But the witty persons would be wrong, for Mr.

Potter was as honest a little lawyer as ever pocketed an easily earned thirteen and fourpence, and he had walked out now, at the risk of getting his feet wet and catching cold, with intentions which were not evil, but entirely good.

He began in that half-soothing, half-chiding tone which he so often found it necessary to employ in addressing his clients. "Now, my dear sir, what is the good of brooding? I grant you that you have had a stroke of bad luck, shocking bad luck; but it must be faced—it must be faced. Things might be worse. There is this Manor House property, for instance. I really think—and you know that I am not given to offering hasty opinions about such matters—I really do think that, by exercising proper care and selling at the right moment, you might make it realize a sum which would at least render you independent. Now that is something, isn't it?"

Brian turned to his comforter with a rather bitter smile. "You don't lose time, Mr. Potter," said he. "My father has hardly been dead a week and already you suggest that I should do the thing which of all others would have grieved him most."

"That is all very fine," returned Mr. Potter; "but what do you propose to live upon, my young friend? Upon your brother's charity?"

The question stung Brian, as it was perhaps intended to do. "Most certainly not," he answered almost fiercely. Then, after a short pause: "Mr. Potter, you heard what I said to them all just now. It was the simple truth. My father meant to cancel the will that you read; he told me so, and he told Gilbert so. Yet every one of you behaved as though that were to count for nothing. I don't understand it, and I don't believe that Gilbert would condescend to rob me. Tell me frankly; do you think that any honest man could do what you seem to assume that he will do?"

"When you put that question, do you address me in my capacity as a lawyer or as a private individual?" inquired Mr. Potter.

"Really," answered Brian impatiently, "I don't see what the law has to say to the matter. The law doesn't make a man honest or dishonest, I suppose."

"Oh, pardon me; that is just what it does. As a private individual, I may fix my own standard of honesty; the law, on the other hand, establishes a standard for me. Supposing, for example, that you

were foolish enough to bring an action against your brother for the recovery of the property which he now holds. You wouldn't have the shadow of a case; you couldn't even bring evidence in support of your allegation; and the law would tell your brother that he left the court without a stain upon his character. I assure you that there are two kinds of honest men, if not more."

"That means that if Gilbert retained possession of the property, he wouldn't be an honest man in the ordinary acceptation of the term."

"I did not say that. I don't know that he intends to retain possession of the property. Should he decide to do so, I must respectfully decline to be his judge. What I can tell you is that he has a clear legal title to it, that you have none, and, in short, that it could only pass into your hands by means of a deed of gift."

"Mr. Potter," said Brian, "does he or does he not mean to take advantage of his legal title?"

"I tell you I don't know. All he said to me was that he must take time to consider his position, which, in my opinion, was a very sensible speech to make. Come, come, my dear boy; your brother is not a Don Quixote; but he is a very decent sort of person, so far as I know — about as decent as they make them. Were I in your place, I should expect little and say less. If he makes up his mind to keep what he has got, he will be able to give you excellent reasons for his decision, you may be sure. They generally can."

Brian took the old lawyer's arm and broke into a laugh. "You are trying to be cynical and to prepare me for the worst," said he; "but, do you know, I think you are rather overdoing your part. I know very well that you think just as I do. I don't really distrust Gilbert, and I'm sorry that I spoke as if I did. The truth is that he is a cautious fellow, and it wouldn't be a bit like him to settle everything upon the spur of the moment, as I should. Come back into the house, and let us leave the subject alone until he introduces it."

"We can't do better," agreed Mr. Potter; but he thought to himself, "I hope to Heaven the subject won't be introduced before I leave to-morrow morning! This is a nice young man; but he hasn't a scintilla of common sense, and when he finds out, as he most assuredly will, that his brother is not going to make room for him, there will be a scene at which I should prefer not to be present."

## CHAPTER XIV.

## GILBERT CONSIDERS HIS POSITION.

WHEN a man has to decide upon an abstract question of right or wrong, justice or injustice, he is doubtless wise to claim a little time for consideration, and the outcome thereof is, upon the whole, rather more likely than not to be favorable to the interests of right and justice; but where self-interest has any share in the issue a decision can hardly be pronounced too soon. In such a case argument is dangerous, *advocatus diaboli* takes up strong ground, and if the debate results in a victory for justice at the expense of self, it may be safely concluded that the debater is no very ordinary mortal. Of this Mr. Potter, a man of wide experience, was well aware; and although he had been pleased to applaud Gilbert's cautious words, he was fully persuaded, the moment that he heard them, that the question was already as good as settled.

Such, however, was by no means Gilbert's own belief. He did not at the outset feel at all certain that he could keep both Beckton and his self-respect, and he was exceedingly unwilling to part with either. Therefore, when he retired for the night and seated himself before the fire which he had ordered to be lighted in his bedroom, he set to work to see whether a calm survey of all the circumstances might not justify him in doing as he wished. It was honest of him to admit to himself what his wishes were; but unfortunately his honesty did not get much beyond that initial stage. First he took the chapter of general desirability, and had very little hesitation about scoring one for himself there. No impartial person, acquainted with himself and with his brother, could doubt which of them would make the better squire. Of his brother's business capacities he had the lowest possible opinion. That Brian, if put in possession of Beckton, would be involved in a maze of difficulties before two years were out was next door to a certainty; whereas he himself had ideas with regard to the estate which, to be sure, were not those of his father, but which were none the worse for that, and which, should they ever be carried into execution, would prove of unquestionable benefit to quite a large number of deserving persons. Next he asked himself, candidly and disinterestedly, whether it would indeed be for Brian's own good that he should be placed in a position for which he was manifestly unfit. Now, how can it be for any man's good that he should

be placed in a position for which he is unfit? The question will hardly bear discussion. No; for a man of Brian's dreamy, indolent nature and desultory musical tastes it was surely better far that he should be relieved from the worries and responsibilities of every-day life, placed upon an allowance—a handsome allowance—by a kindly younger-elder brother, and made welcome either to go on living in his old home, or, should he prefer it, to settle down in the Manor House, which was now his own. However, in view of certain contingencies, it would perhaps be a wiser plan that he should sell the Manor House; and Gilbert resolved that he would pay him a good price for it.

It will be perceived that the mind of this dispassionate reasoner was pretty well made up when he got as far as that; but he did not think so. On the contrary, he unflinchingly faced a third question, that, namely, of the true wishes of the testator, whose will had been made known some hours before; and really this was rather a hard nut to crack. Nevertheless, he managed to crack it without quite breaking his teeth. He persuaded himself that it was open to very serious doubt whether, if his father had lived, that will would ever have been revoked at all. A man who turns his back upon himself twice in a week may very well do so three times in a fortnight, and if poor Sir Brian's reasons for disinheriting his elder son in the first instance had seemed a trifle inadequate, his reasons for reinstating him had undoubtedly been even more so. It was hardly too much to assume that a little further thought, a little more consideration of future probabilities, would have led to the maintenance of the *status quo*.

This closed Gilbert's soliloquy, which in truth had lasted somewhat too long for enjoyment. He meant to keep Beckton; he told himself also that he would be able to keep his self-respect. But, fortunately or unfortunately, it is not by means of casuistry that that intangible possession is to be grasped, and, for all his dialectic skill, the new owner of Beckton and its appurtenances went down to breakfast the next morning looking and feeling very much like a dog with his tail between his legs.

He disposed of that meal with such appetite as he could command, which was not much, and, Brian having retired, requested Mr. Potter, who was to leave for London presently, to give him a few minutes in the library. He fancied that he

saw the ghost of a demure, satirical smile upon the lips of the lawyer as he complied, and this made him inwardly determine that he would tolerate no liberties from Mr. Potter. Taking up his stand upon the hearthrug, he proceeded straight to the point.

"I wish you to know," said he, "that after giving the matter careful thought, I have concluded that I ought not to set aside my father's will in deference to any supposed change of intention on his part."

"I was sure you would arrive at that conclusion," remarked Mr. Potter blandly.

Gilbert frowned. "I hardly see," returned he, with some sharpness of intonation, "how you can have been sure of what was so full of doubt to me; but probably you have very great prescience. I have decided in the sense that I have named for reasons which seem to me sufficient, but which it is perhaps hardly necessary that I should enumerate."

"Quite unnecessary," agreed Mr. Potter, more blandly than ever. "You have, as you say, decided, and that is all that your lawyer—if I am to have the privilege of so calling myself—requires to be told. There are a few matters of business connected with the estate which you may like to go into with me before I leave."

"Presently, Mr. Potter, I shall be glad to do so, but first I should like to ask your opinion, as a friend, about Brian, and what is to become of him. I am most anxious——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Segrave," interrupted Mr. Potter. "Business is business, and it will give me much satisfaction to continue to act as your family lawyer, and to serve you to the best of my humble ability, but as for my private friendship, that is what I have never been accustomed to bestow in a hurry, and I trust that so reasonable a man as you are will not be offended with me for saying that you don't possess it as yet."

Gilbert started and reddened. "I accept the rebuke," said he. "I gather—and I am sorry for it—that you disapprove of my action with regard to my brother. I suppose I must be prepared for some disapproval, and I shall certainly make no attempt to lessen it. I was about to mention that I propose to provide for Brian as liberally as my means will allow me."

"As your lawyer," replied Mr. Potter, "I shall be very happy to tell you, if you do not know, exactly what your means are."

"If you please," said Gilbert, raging inwardly, but preserving a calm exterior.



The conversation which followed was exceedingly unpleasant to him — unpleasant not so much because he found that the Beckton rent-roll was a good deal less than he had always imagined it to be, as because Mr. Potter, while answering questions and giving information quite politely and even deferentially, continued to make it as clear as could be that his client did not stand high in his esteem.

"I see," said Gilbert at the close of the interview, "that I shall have to live carefully, and I am afraid it will hardly be in my power to make Brian as large an allowance as I should wish."

"Possibly," remarked the lawyer, "you may not have to make him an allowance at all. Possibly he will decline to accept any from you."

"As he possesses absolutely nothing in the world except an empty house, a grand piano, and his clothes, I take it that he will be compelled to do so," returned Gilbert, with a little display of temper.

To this Mr. Potter made no rejoinder, and shortly afterwards took his leave, begging Gilbert to say good-bye to Brian for him. His host was unfeignedly glad to get rid of him, and he was not less glad to get away.

To most people the ordeal which Gilbert had now to face would have seemed infinitely more formidable than that through which he had just passed; but it did not so present itself to his mind. He had a good-humored, affectionate contempt for his brother; he knew that Brian's way was to accept accomplished facts, and he by no means despaired of convincing him that things were best as they were, though, of course, there might be an awkward moment at the outset. So he repaired to the sanctum before alluded to, and there found the object of his search, seated at the piano, pipe in mouth, and trying over sundry variations of a composition of his own.

Brian looked up and said, "One ought to be taught counterpoint as a boy. The nuisance of technicalities is that unless they have become a second nature by the time one reaches man's estate one gets impatient and forgetful of them. I shall have to tear up this score."

"I don't know what counterpoint is; but I'm glad to see you at the piano again," answered Gilbert. "Depend upon it, there is nothing like having regular occupations to fall back upon when one is in trouble."

Brian rose, sighed, and walked slowly towards the fireplace. "Yes," said he,

"that's the stock consolation, isn't it? All consolation amounts to advice to forget your trouble as soon as you can."

"Well, there might be worse advice," Gilbert observed. He was silent for a moment, then laying his hand on his brother's shoulder, "I am afraid this matter of my father's will is something of a trouble to you too, old man," said he.

"How do you mean?" asked Brian quickly.

"I mean that every one — even you, who are about as indifferent to this world's goods as anybody I ever met — must rather dislike the sensation of being passed over in favor of his junior. However, in the present instance there are compensations, and —"

"Gilbert," exclaimed Brian, "you can't be going to play this dirty trick! I won't believe it of you!"

Gilbert shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands with the air of a patient man, prepared to bear with human unreasonableness.

"My dear fellow," said he, "will you for one moment try to place yourself in my position? Do you suppose by any chance that this inheritance will bring me wealth or ease, or any other particularly pleasant thing? Don't you see that it condemns me to obscurity, and deprives me of a career in which I might fairly have hoped to gain money and distinction? And can't you understand that I should scarcely have accepted it from anything except a sense of — of duty?"

It was a pity that the last word should have stuck in his throat; but that he could not help. By-and-by, as Brian only looked wonderingly at him, without saying a word, he resumed, —

"I have thought it all out, and I am persuaded that I ought not to make any change in the present state of affairs. What our father's real wishes were we can never know now —"

"But we do know!" interrupted Brian. "You know them as well as I do."

"Exactly so, my dear fellow; just about as well. The fact of the matter is that he himself did not know them. One day he wished one thing, the next something else. It seems to me that he was less under the influence of impulse and excitement when he made that will than he was afterwards; and I fancy that if he had lived he would have maintained it. Naturally he did not like to disinherit you, and naturally you do not like to be disinherited; but in his calmer moments he saw that you were not fitted to manage a property

which requires constant and careful looking after, and really, my dear Brian, I don't think it is any disparagement of you to say that he was right."

Brian took two steps forward and stood looking straight into his brother's eyes, who, to his chagrin, found himself unable to return that steady gaze.

"Gilbert," said he, "do you know you make me feel sick? You can't really suppose that you deceive me by talking like that. I would a great deal rather have heard you say that you wanted the place, and that, as the law had given it to you, you meant to hold on to it."

"I will not quarrel with you, Brian. Out of respect for our father's memory," began Gilbert.

"For Heaven's sake," interrupted his brother, "let our father's memory alone! I never knew you take up this canting tone before, and I hope you'll never do it with me again. I wish you would go away! I don't want to say anything more to you at present."

"A good deal more will have to be said, however," returned Gilbert, flushing slightly; "but of course there is no hurry. Perhaps when we next meet you may be in a rather less unfair and unjust temper, and perhaps you will then condescend to listen to the plans which I have been thinking of for your own future. You will most likely find that you will have more ready money to spend than I shall; for I need hardly say that I recognize your claim to be provided for."

Thereupon he retired, taking with him a most uncomfortable sensation of having been kicked out of the room.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### BRIAN REFUSES TO BE COMFORTED.

THE fishermen who dwelt on the east side of Kingscliff formed a little race apart. They were looked down upon and ostracised by their brethren of the west, as if Kingscliff had been London, and its inhabitants subject to divisions of the same topographical and social kind. That the Kingscliff east-enders were fine seamen was admitted; but this was held to exhaust the list of their virtues. They had always been a drunken, brawling, thriftless lot, to whom the wise and good allowed a wide berth at sea and on land (for they were both muscular and pugnacious); nor were they suffered to haul up their boats on any part of the long, curved shore, save that which adjoined their own quarter. However, for the reason paren-

thetically mentioned, this prohibition was probably not capable of enforcement, and if the east-end men kept strictly to the strip of beach assigned to them, it was no doubt owing to the fact that that strip enjoyed the shelter of a small natural breakwater, and was a safer place in a spring tide than could be found elsewhere in the bay. It has already been said that John Monckton had managed to effect a great change for the better in the habits of these disreputable mariners. Many of them had forsworn strong drink; a still larger number had taken to attending church regularly; they had even, for the most part, given up beating their wives—a concession made to the parson's prejudices rather than an acknowledgment of any moral obligation; for they could not but think that a little cuffing every now and then was needful and salutary, and they were sure that the women really liked it. Yet they were willing to yield the point, because Monckton's influence over them was practically unbounded.

Indeed, a large proportion of his rough converts were amenable to his persuasions and to nobody else's. There was old Daniel Puttick, for example, who would not so much as answer when the curates spoke to him, and out of whose way Miss Kitty Greenwood was in the habit of skipping with terrified agility if she encountered him on her rounds. Daniel Puttick was what his friends called a "curious-tempered man," by which they meant that he was subject to fits of capricious fury, during which his hand did not fail to fall heavily upon any member of his family who was unlucky enough to cross his path. So when Mrs. Puttick came to the vicarage one morning, with her apron up to her eyes, to say that Dan had been "at it agin," that he had flung two plates at her head "and shevered 'm both to hatoms, sir," after which he had "locked up the gal and took the key with him, so she can't get down for to do her work at Mrs. Beer's—and this a washin' day too—and I'm afraid she'll lose the place you got her, sir—and, oh dear, oh dear! whatever shall we do!"—when the above incoherent tale of woe was poured into his ears, it was clearly incumbent upon Monckton to set off and bring the offender to a better state of mind as soon as might be.

The vicar undertook the task without any misgivings as to results, and, having sent the sorrowing wife home, betook himself to the beach, where Mr. Puttick was discovered hammering viciously at an overturned boat. He touched his hat and

grunted on recognizing his spiritual adviser, while Monckton seated himself upon the bottom of the boat, drew his knees up to his chin and, resting his elbows upon them, began to talk unconcernedly about herring-driving, whence he gradually led up to the peculiarities of coast navigation and of the currents of Kingscliff Bay, upon which Puttick was an acknowledged authority.

After a time, the old man, who at first had been silent and sullen, fell into the trap. He dropped his hammer, leaned back against the boat, folded his arms, and embarked upon a leisurely yarn which was far from being new to his hearer. This related to the famous victory achieved by the schooner-yacht *Bucentaur* over her rival the *Fredegonde* at Kingscliff regatta some years before, a victory due wholly and solely to the exceeding acuteness of Daniel Puttick. Monckton was told how Mr. Puttick had gone out in his own boat to see the race, and how the two yachts had sailed slowly past him, "beatin' up for the mark-boat, as it might be a mile and a 'arf from 'ome, agin' a very light easterly breeze, and the *Freddygone* she had all the best of it. But Lor' bless you, sir, I knowed that breeze wouldn't 'old, and I seed what was comin' too, and there was his lordship on deck, and thinks I to myself, 'I could win this race for you, my lord, if I chose to it, but I ain't agoin' to.' For why? 'Cause he had a Plymouth pilot aboard, sir. What do them Plymouth pilots want in our bay, I should like to know! But the *Blue-centre* she had a mate o' mine — Willyam Lee his name was — drowned about a twelve-month ago, as you remember, sir. Well, I just 'olds up my 'and to Willyam and I whistles very soft, and he seed in a moment what I meant. So he slacks out his main-sheet, and d'rectly arter there comes a puff from the west'ard, and away goes the *Blue-centre*, and the *Freddygone* she never caught her agin'. 'Ah,' says I, 'that's what you gets by havin' of a Plymouth pilot, my lord.' Now I could tell you another thing about one o' them Plymouth pilots, sir, as 'd make you laugh, if it wasn't for keepin' of you."

"Go on, Mr. Puttick," said Monckton, "I'm in no hurry. Let's have the story."

All this time poor Miss Puttick was languishing under lock and key, but Monckton knew his man and was aware that nothing would be gained by precipitating matters. However, as it chanced, that capital story about the Plymouth pilot was never told, for hardly had the

prefatory matter been entered upon when Monckton felt a touch upon his shoulder and, turning round, saw Brian Segrave standing behind him.

"I want to speak to you, Monckton," Brian said; "they told me I should find you here."

A glance at his face showed the other that something was seriously amiss. "One moment," he answered, and springing to his feet, he joined Mr. Puttick, who had sheered off a little out of respect to the young squire's recent affliction.

"She's a sarcy young hussy, that's what she is, sir," Brian heard the old man say presently, "and she hadn't no call for to interfere with me when I was chas-tisin' of her mother. You didn't ought to take her part, sir — no, that you didn't."

But apparently Monckton's representations ended by prevailing; for, after some further exchange of words, Mr. Puttick was seen to take his way slowly up the beach in a homeward direction, grumbling as he went.

"Well, Brian," said Monckton, as he returned. Except for a moment at the funeral, the two men had not met since Sir Brian's death, and it seemed natural to expect that the younger would make some allusion to his loss. However, he did not do so.

"I know that man Puttick," he remarked meditatively. "It was he who first taught me to swim, ages ago; but I was forbidden to have any more to do with him, because he was said to be such a blackguard. Certainly he used to be pretty constantly drunk, and his language was worse than anything that I have ever heard since. How do you manage to tame these people, Monckton?"

"I'm afraid I haven't tamed Mr. Puttick," answered Monckton. "He is a difficult subject, not altogether a blackguard, though. As for bad language, of course he has been accustomed to hear it and use it all his life long, and he means no more harm by it than you do when you say 'God bless my soul!' or 'Confound the thing!'" It isn't among sailors and fishermen that one finds genuine blackguardism. They have their code, such as it is, and upon the whole, I think they act up to it better than we act up to ours. Some of them are rascals; but then so are some of us."

"Most of us, I expect," said Brian morosely; "it seems to me only a question of inducement. Monckton, I don't feel as if I could ever believe in anybody again — except you."

Monckton stared for a moment; then suddenly it flashed across his mind that Sir Brian had had no time to alter his will. He had not remembered that before.

"My dear boy," he exclaimed, "I hope you are not thinking of your father!"

"Of my father? Hardly! I am thinking of my brother, though, which is nearly as bad, perhaps. Is it, I wonder? Can one help thinking one's brother a rascal, if he is one? I wouldn't call him so to anybody but you; but that is just what I do think him."

Monckton took the young fellow by the arm, made him sit down on the overturned boat, and seated himself close beside him.

"Now go on and explain yourself," said he; "you wouldn't speak like that without good cause, I know."

So Brian explained himself; and when he had told his tale Monckton found that he was in the awkward position of being quite unable to say that he did not think Gilbert a rascal. Understanding perfectly well that nothing short of that assurance would give Brian much comfort, he did what he conceived to be the next best thing by abstaining from comment of any kind.

"What do you intend to do with regard to the future?" he asked.

"I haven't an idea," answered Brian. "Or rather, I have an idea, only it's a vague one. Of course I'm an absolute pauper. The Manor House is mine; but it is worth nothing to me as it stands, and, as you know, I can't sell the place. Nor could I let it without putting it into repair, which would cost a lot of money. In short, it comes to this, that I must set about making my living immediately."

"Your brother would make some provision for you, no doubt."

Brian laughed.

"He was good enough to hint at that; but I would rather sweep a crossing than take his money."

"So I suppose. How will you earn your bread, then?"

"There is really only one way in which I can. Organists at London churches are pretty well paid, aren't they?"

Monckton shook his head.

"Some of them are; but they are more or less of celebrities and, at any rate, have had great experience in managing choirs. I am afraid you would have to consider yourself lucky with a hundred a year."

"But then I could give private lessons."

"Yes; you might do that. But even if you were quite fortunate and successful,

you would be poor—very poor; and you are not accustomed to poverty, Brian."

"I shall have to become accustomed to it. After all, I don't know that I care very much, except for—for one or two reasons; and I'm glad you haven't drowned my scheme in a shower of cold water. I was half afraid you would say that it isn't an occupation for a gentleman."

"No; I shouldn't say that, because I don't think it; but very likely others will think so and say so."

There was a short pause, after which Monckton resumed,—

"It makes me very sorry to think that I am the cause of your being left destitute. It was I who dissuaded your father from tearing up his will at once. He came to consult me in an impulsive way, and I distrust impulse; so I advised him to wait for a day or two."

"My dear fellow, don't trouble your head about that," answered Brian. "I suppose it was fated that things should fall out like this."

"Well, it was the will of God. I don't know whether you believe that; but if you do, you will find it easier to forgive your brother."

"Because he couldn't help himself, do you mean?"

"No; of course he could help himself, and we mustn't be scared by the old paradox. What I mean is that, this having happened to you independently of your will and, so far as one can see, without any fault of your own, you can accept your destiny cheerfully, which is more than he will be able to do. Does that strike you as very cold comfort?"

"To tell you the truth, it is no comfort at all," answered Brian candidly. "I know I am a gentleman; I knew that beforehand. What exasperates me is to think that he is not. In plain words, I don't forgive him and can't forgive him."

"Very well," said Monckton; "I won't press the point. You will forgive your brother in the long run just because you are a gentleman. Meanwhile, I haven't a word to say on his behalf, though I know a case might be made out for him. Don't quarrel with him; that's all."

"No," Brian answered slowly, "I shall not quarrel with him; only the sooner I get away from Beckton the better."

"Well, yes; you can't stay on there, and I don't see any other chance of employment for you at present than the one you have chosen. Come and see me again before you go. I know a lot of London parsons, and I can at least put you in the

way of hearing of vacancies, if I can't do anything else."

The conversation did not last much longer. Monckton, as usual, had work to do and appointments to keep; and Brian, after taking leave of him, wandered in a somewhat irresolute fashion back towards home. He had made up his mind to depart from Kingscliff with as little delay as might be, and the question which was now agitating him was whether he should try to see Beatrice Huntley and say good-bye to her, or not. Every sympathetic soul who has ever been in love will understand his quandary. His hopes were shattered utterly and finally. If, as Gilbert had warned him, Miss Huntley had been out of his reach when he had had the prospect of a fairly good position to offer her (for, when all was said, the Segraves were a fine old family and Beckton was a fine old place), it was evident that she must be doubly so now, and he shrank from the ordeal of explaining his circumstances to her. In fact, he could not explain them without making it appear as if either his father or his brother had treated him with cruel harshness. Would it not, therefore, be better alike for his peace and for his dignity that he should pass quietly out of her life and her memory, making no sign? But then, again, he longed with an intense longing to see her face just once more, and surely he was entitled to that melancholy indulgence. It was not a very great privilege to claim.

So, being for the moment possessed of that inestimable treasure, an evenly balanced mind, he wavered to and fro, like a Liberal-Conservative or a Conservative-Liberal, now walking some yards in the direction of Miss Huntley's villa, now hurriedly retracing his steps; and what would have eventually become of him it is impossible to say, had not the knot of his difficulty been suddenly cut by the appearance of Miss Huntley herself.

It was just outside the town that they met, near those fields which had so often excited Mr. Buswell's cupidity; and after they had shaken hands, Miss Huntley leant back against the posts and rails that bordered the road, in an attitude which suggested that she looked forward to a prolonged interview. This movement on her part did not escape Brian's notice nor fail to rejoice his heart, notwithstanding an embarrassment which she appeared to share in some degree. He wished she would say something; but she did not, and it was he who at length broke the silence by thanking her for a beautiful

wreath which she had sent to be laid upon his father's coffin. Perhaps that was as good a way of opening the conversation as any that he could have adopted, since it relieved her of the awkwardness which most people unfortunately feel in mentioning the dead, and enabled her to speak simply and kindly of the old man whose last words had been addressed to her.

"I have thought so often since, that if we had not lost our presence of mind we might have saved him," she said, "and I have wondered whether you thought so too. I remember nothing except running away and hearing the crash; but one can see now how it must have happened. Of course he could not get up as quickly as we did, and if I had only thought of that, instead of flying like a coward —"

"I am sure you could not have saved him; you would only have been killed too," interrupted Brian; "there wasn't a second to spare. Besides, I suppose it was bound to happen. Monckton says it was the will of God."

"Oh, does he?" exclaimed Miss Huntley with an air of disappointment and disgust. "What a stupid, commonplace speech to make! I should have expected something better than that from Mr. Monckton."

"But if that is what he believes?"

"Well, if he said it sincerely — only then he might as well be a Mussulman at once. And yet I don't know; possibly he is right. But I'm glad I didn't hear him say it; it sounds so painfully like one of Clementina's remarks. Clementina can always bring a beautiful spirit of resignation to bear upon the misfortunes of her neighbors."

"That isn't like Monckton, at all events. Whatever he may be, he is no humbug."

"No, I don't think he is; I beg his pardon. Am I not one of his disciples?"

There was another interval of silence, during which Brian scraped the moss off the railings with the point of his stick and wondered how he could best impart the information that he must go out into the world and seek his fortune; but he did not have to cudgel his brains long, for by-and-by Miss Huntley said hesitatingly, —

"I have heard a rumor that everything has been left to your brother. Is it true?"

Brian nodded. "Yes," he answered briefly, "it is quite true."

"Oh, poor Esau! Do you remember my warning?"

"Yes, I remember; but I think it is only fair to my poor dear old father to say that this has been in a sort of way a mistake.



That is, if he had lived longer he would have made a different will. This one was drawn up hastily when he had very good reason to be displeased with me."

"If there has been a mistake, it can be set right," said Miss Huntley quickly.

"Oh, no; it is too late for that now," answered Brian. And then, to divert her attention from a dangerous topic, he began unfolding his plans for the future, representing them in as optimistic a light as he could, and declaring, truthfully enough, that the career of a successful organist had greater attractions for him than any other.

The scheme took Miss Huntley's fancy; she was not, apparently, one of those who deem the career in question unworthy of a gentleman. "After all," said she, "I am not sure that Jacob has the best of it. You will become famous now and compose oratorios and be made a baronet and all sorts of fine things, instead of vegetating down at Kingscliff all your days, as you had every inclination to do. And then you will always have that nice old Manor House to escape to when you want to be rid of the world for a time. I think I am rather glad that you have been made the victim of this — mistake."

Here was a prophecy of a much more encouraging nature than Monckton's; but it was somewhat painful to Brian, because he could not help perceiving its absurdity. Yet perhaps it was as well that she should take things in that way. He smiled; and after a while she asked him when he proposed to go to London.

"Oh, very soon," he replied; "in a day or two at the outside, I think. I want to get away."

"That is highly flattering to the friends whom you are so anxious to leave. Allow me to thank you in their name."

"It is Beckton that I am anxious to leave; not anything or anybody else, Heaven knows!" said Brian.

He spoke so seriously and the language of his eyes was so plain that she became serious also. "I see," she said. And then, with a little sigh, "Well, good-bye; don't forget us all."

There was no excuse for prolonging the interview. Brian held her hand for a moment, took one long last look at the beautiful face which he hardly expected ever to see again and, murmuring some unintelligible words, turned away. But he had not taken half-a-dozen steps before Miss Huntley called him back.

"By the way," said she, with a certain assumption of carelessness (because the

solemnity of his leave-taking had startled her a little), "if you remember my existence somewhere about April next, you might look me up and report progress. I shall be found at 95 Park Lane, under the fostering care of Clementina, who admires genius and will be proud to make your acquaintance."

Brian hesitated. "Thank you," he replied, "you are very kind; but I am afraid I shall not be exactly — that is, you know an organist hardly mixes in the kind of society to which you belong."

"Really," said Miss Huntley, "I should suspect you of meaning to be insultingly ironical if I didn't know that you were incapable of irony. It is quite true that I am admitted into the most distinguished circles, and it is not less true that my grandfather was a respectable artisan. At least I trust that he was respectable; but I couldn't affirm it upon oath. Pray, don't come and see me if you think you will be bored; but if you fail to appear I shall know the reason."

"I will come, then — if I can," answered Brian gravely.

So she waved her hand to him and walked swiftly away, leaving an aching heart behind her. A hopeless lover is a difficult man to please; and although, perhaps, Brian was not so selfish as to wish that Miss Huntley should be in love with him, her friendly indifference gave him nearly as much pain as if he had been.

From The Contemporary Review.

#### THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW.

HISTORY is much decried; it is a tissue of errors, we are told, no doubt correctly; and rival historians expose each other's blunders with gratification. Yet the worst historian has a clearer view of the period he studies than the best of us can hope to form of that in which we live. The obscurest epoch is to-day; and that for a thousand reasons of inchoate tendency, conflicting report, and sheer mass and multiplicity of experience; but chiefly, perhaps, by reason of an insidious shifting of landmarks. Parties and ideas continually move, but not by measurable marches on a stable course; the political soil itself steals forth by imperceptible degrees, like a travelling glacier, carrying on its bosom not only political parties but their flag-posts and cantonments; so that what appears to be an eternal city founded on hills is but a flying island of Laputa. It

is for this reason in particular that we are all becoming Socialists without knowing it; by which I would not in the least refer to the acute case of Mr. Hyndman and his horn-blowing supporters, sounding their trumps of a Sunday within the walls of our individualist Jericho — but to the stealthy change that has come over the spirit of Englishmen and English legislation. A little while ago, and we were still for liberty; "Crowd a few more thousands on the bench of government," we seemed to cry; "keep her head direct on liberty, and we cannot help but come to port." This is over; *laissez-faire* declines in favor; our legislation grows authoritative, grows philanthropical, bristles with new duties and new penalties, and casts a spawn of inspectors, who now begin, note-book in hand, to darken the face of England. It may be right or wrong, we are not trying that; but one thing it is beyond doubt: it is Socialism in action, and the strange thing is that we scarcely know it.

Liberty has served us a long while, and it may be time to seek new altars. Like all other principles, she has been proved to be self-exclusive in the long run. She has taken wages besides (like all other virtues) and dutifully served Mammon; so that many things we were accustomed to admire as the benefits of freedom and common to all, were truly benefits of wealth, and took their value from our neighbors' poverty. A few shocks of logic, a few disclosures (in the journalistic phrase) of what the freedom of manufacturers, landlords, or shipowners may imply for operatives, tenants, or seamen, and we not unnaturally begin to turn to that other pole of hope, beneficent tyranny. Freedom, to be desirable, involves kindness, wisdom, and all the virtues of the free; but the free man as we have seen him in action has been, as of yore, only the master of many helots; and the slaves are still ill-fed, ill-clad, ill-taught, ill-housed, insolently entreated, and driven to their mines and workshops by the lash of famine. So much, in other men's affairs, we have begun to see clearly; we have begun to despair of virtue in these other men, and from our seat in Parliament begin to discharge upon them, thick as arrows, the host of our inspectors. The landlord has long shaken his head over the manufacturer; those who do business on land have lost all trust in the virtues of the shipowner; the professions look askance upon the retail traders and have even started their co-operative stores to ruin them; and from out the smoke-wreaths of Bir-

mingham a finger has begun to write upon the wall the condemnation of the landlord. Thus, piece by piece, do we condemn each other, and yet not perceive the conclusion, that our whole estate is somewhat damnable. Thus, piece by piece, each acting against his neighbor, each sawing away the branch on which some other interest is seated, do we apply in detail our Socialistic remedies, and yet not perceive that we are all laboring together to bring in Socialism at large. A tendency so stupid and so selfish is like to prove invincible; and if Socialism be at all a practicable rule of life, there is every chance that our grandchildren will see the day and taste the pleasures of existence in something far liker an ant-heap than any previous human polity. And this not in the least because of the voice of Mr. Hyndman or the horns of his followers; but by the mere glacier movement of the political soil, bearing forward on its bosom, apparently undisturbed, the proud camps of Whig and Tory. If Mr. Hyndman were a man of keen humor, which is far from my conception of his character, he might rest from his troubling and look on; the walls of Jericho begin already to crumble and dissolve. That great servile war, the Armageddon of money and numbers, to which we looked forward when young, becomes more and more unlikely; and we may rather look to see a peaceable and blindfold evolution, the work of dull men immersed in political tactics and dead to political results.

The principal scene of this comedy lies, of course, in the House of Commons; it is there, besides, that the details of this new evolution (if it proceed) will fall to be decided; so that the state of Parliament is not only diagnostic of the present but fatefully prophetic of the future. Well, we all know what Parliament is, and we are all ashamed of it. We may pardon it some faults, indeed, on the ground of Irish obstruction — a bitter trial, which it supports with notable good humor. But the excuse is merely local; it cannot apply to similar bodies in America and France; and what are we to say of these? President Cleveland's letter may serve as a picture of the one; a glance at almost any paper will convince us of the weakness of the other. Decay appears to have seized on the organ of popular government in every land; and this just at the moment when we begin to bring to it, as to an oracle of justice, the whole skein of our private affairs to be unravelled, and ask it, like a new Messiah, to take upon itself

our frailties and play for us the part that should be played by our own virtues. For that, in few words, is the case. We cannot trust ourselves to behave with decency; we cannot trust our consciences; and the remedy proposed is to elect a round number of our neighbors, pretty much at random, and say to these: "Be ye our conscience; make laws so wise, and continue from year to year to administer them so wisely, that they shall save us from ourselves and make us righteous and happy, world without end. Amen." And who can look twice at the British Parliament and then seriously bring it such a task? I am not advancing this as an argument against Socialism; once again, nothing is further from my mind. There are great truths in Socialism, or no one, not even Mr. Hyndman, would be found to hold it; and if it came, and did one-tenth part of what it offers, I for one should make it welcome. But if it is to come, we may as well have some notion of what it will be like; and the first thing to grasp is that our new polity will be designed and administered (to put it court-egously) with something short of inspiration. It will be made, or will grow, in a human Parliament; and the one thing that will not very hugely change is human nature. The Anarchists think otherwise, from which it is only plain that they have not carried to the study of history the lamp of human sympathy.

Given, then, our new polity, with its new wagon-load of laws, what headmarks must we look for in the life? We chafe a good deal at that excellent thing, the income tax, because it brings into our affairs the prying fingers, and exposes us to the tart words, of the official. The official, in all degrees, is already something of a terror to many of us. I would not willingly have to do with even a police constable in any other spirit than that of kindness. I still remember in my dreams the eyeglass of a certain *attaché* at a certain embassy — an eyeglass that was a standing indignity to all on whom it looked; and my next most disagreeable remembrance is of a bracing republican postman in the city of San Francisco. I lived in that city among working folk, and what my neighbors accepted at the postman's hands — nay, what I took from him myself — it is still distasteful to recall. The bourgeois, residing in the upper parts of society, has but few opportunities of tasting this peculiar bowl; but about the income tax, as I have said, or perhaps about a patent, or in the halls of an embassy at

the hands of my friend of the eyeglass, he occasionally sets his lips to it; and he may thus imagine (if he has that faculty of imagination, without which most faculties are void) how it tastes to his poorer neighbors, who must drain it to the dregs. In every contact with authority, with their employer, with the police, with the School Board officer, in the hospital, or in the workhouse, they have equally the occasion to appreciate the light-hearted civility of the man in office; and as an experimentalist in several out-of-the-way provinces of life, I may say it has but to be felt to be appreciated. Well, this golden age of which we are speaking will be the golden age of officials. In all our concerns it will be their beloved duty to meddle, with what tact, with what obliging words, analogy will aid us to imagine. It is likely these gentlemen will be periodically elected; they will therefore have their turn of being underneath, which does not always sweeten men's conditions. The laws they will have to administer will be no clearer than those we know to-day, and the body which is to regulate their administration no wiser than the British Parliament. So that upon all hands we may look for a form of servitude most galling to the blood — servitude to many and changing masters, and for all the slights that accompany the rule of jack-in-office. And if the Socialist programme be carried out with the least fulness, we shall have lost a thing, in most respects not much to be regretted, but as a moderator of oppression, a thing nearly invaluable — the newspaper. For the independent journal is a creature of capital and competition; it stands and falls with millionaires and railway bonds and all the abuses and glories of to-day; and as soon as the State has fairly taken its bent to authority and philanthropy, and laid the least touch on private property, the days of the independent journal are numbered. State railways may be good things and so may State bakeries; but a State newspaper will never be a very trenchant critic of the State officials.

But again, these officials would have no sinecure. Crime would perhaps be less, for some of the motives of crime we may suppose would pass away. But if Socialism were carried out with any fulness, there would be more contraventions. We see already new sins springing up like mustard — School Board sins, factory sins, Merchant Shipping Act sins — none of which I would be thought to except against in particular, but all of which,

taken together, show us that Socialism can be a hard master even in the beginning. If it go on to such heights as we hear proposed and lauded, if it comes actually to its ideal of the ant-heap, ruled with iron justice, the number of new contraventions will be out of all proportion multiplied. Take the case of work alone. Man is an idle animal. He is at least as intelligent as the ant; but generations of advisers have in vain recommended him the ant's example. Of those who are found truly indefatigable in business, some are misers; some are the practisers of delightful industries, like gardening; some are students, artists, inventors, or discoverers, men lured forward by successive hopes; and the rest are those who live by games of skill or hazard — financiers, billiard-players, gamblers, and the like. But in unloved toils, even under the prick of necessity, no man is continually sedulous. Once eliminate the fear of starvation, once eliminate or bound the hope of riches, and we shall see plenty of skulking and malingering. Society will then be something not wholly unlike a cotton plantation in the old days; with cheerful, careless, demoralized slaves, with elected overseers, and, instead of the planter, a chaotic popular assembly. If the blood be purposeful and the soil strong, such a plantation may succeed, and be, indeed, a busy ant-heap, with full granaries and long hours of leisure. But even then I think the whip will be in the overseer's hands, and not in vain. For, when it comes to be a question of each man doing his own share or the rest doing more, prettiness of sentiment will be forgotten. To dock the skulker's food is not enough; many will rather eat haws and starve on petty pilferings than put their shoulder to the wheel for one hour daily. For such as these, then, the whip will be in the overseer's hand; and his own sense of justice and the superintendence of a chaotic popular assembly will be the only checks on its employment. Now you may be an industrious man and a good citizen, and yet not love, nor yet be loved by, Dr. Fell, the inspector. It is admitted by private soldiers that the disfavor of a sergeant is an evil not to be combated; offend the sergeant, they say, and in a brief while you will either be disgraced or have deserted. And the sergeant can no longer appeal to the lash. But if these things go on, we shall see, or our sons shall see, what it is to have offended an inspector.

This for the unfortunate. But with the fortunate also, even those whom the in-

spector loves, it may not be altogether well. It is concluded that in such a state of society, supposing it to be financially sound, the level of comfort will be high. It does not follow: there are strange depths of idleness in man, a too-easily got sufficiency, as in the case of the sago-eaters, often quenching the desire for all besides; and it is possible that the men of the richest ant-heaps may sink even into squalor. But suppose they do not; suppose our tricky instrument of human nature, when we play upon it this new tune, should respond kindly; suppose no one to be damped and none exasperated by the new conditions, the whole enterprise to be financially sound — a vaulting supposition — and all the inhabitants to dwell together in a golden mean of comfort; we have yet to ask ourselves if this be what man desire, or if it be what man will even deign to accept for a continuance. It is certain that man loves to eat, it is not certain that he loves that only or that best. He is supposed to love comfort; it is not a love, at least, that he is faithful to. He is supposed to love happiness; it is my contention that he rather loves excitement. Danger, enterprise, hope, the novel, the aleatory are dearer to man than regular meals. He does not think so when he is hungry, but he thinks so again as soon as he is fed; and on the hypothesis of a successful ant-heap, he would never go hungry. It would be always after dinner in that society, as in the land of the lotoseaters it was always afternoon; and food, which, when we have it not, seems all-important, drops in our esteem; as soon as we have it, to a mere pre-requisite of living. That for which man lives is not the same thing for all individuals nor in all ages; yet it has a common base; what he seeks and what he must have is that which will seize and hold his attention. Regular meals and weatherproof lodgings will not do this long. Play in its wide sense, as the artificial induction of sensation, including all games and all arts, will, indeed, go far to keep him conscious of himself; but in the end he wearies for realities. Study or experiment, to some rare natures, are the unbroken pastime of a life. These are enviable natures; people shut in the house by sickness often bitterly envy them; but the commoner man cannot continue to exist upon such altitudes; his feet itch for physical adventure; his blood boils for physical dangers, pleasures, and triumphs; his fancy, the looker after new things, cannot continue to look for them in books and crucibles, but must

seek them on the breathing stage of life. Pinches, buffets, the glow of hope, the shock of disappointment, furious contention with obstacles,—these are the true elixir for all vital spirits, these are what they seek alike in their romantic enterprises and their unromantic dissipations. When they are taken in some pinch closer than the common, they cry "Catch me here again!" and sure enough you catch them there again—perhaps before the week is out. It is as old as "Robinson Crusoe;" as old as man. Our race has not been strained for all these ages through that sieve of dangers that we call natural selection, to sit down with patience in the tedium of safety; the voices of its fathers call it forth. Already in our society as it exists, the bourgeois is too much cottoned about for any zest in living; he sits in his parlor out of reach of any danger, often out of reach of any vicissitude but one of health; and there he yawns. If the people in the next villa took pot-shots at him, he might be killed indeed, but, so long as he escaped, he would find his blood oxygenated and his views of the world brighter. If Mr. Mallock, on his way to the publishers, should have his skirts pinned to the wall by a javelin, it would not occur to him—at least for several hours—to ask if life were worth living; and if such peril were a daily matter, he would ask it never more; he would have other things to think about, he would be living indeed—not lying in a box with cotton safe, but immeasurably dull. The aleatory, whether it touch life, or fortune, or renown—whether we explore Africa or only toss for halfpence—that is what I conceive men to love best, and that is what we are seeking to exclude from men's existences. Of all forms of the aleatory, that which most commonly attends our working men—the danger of misery from want of work—is the least inspiring; it does not whip the blood, it does not evoke the glory of contest; it is tragic, but it is passive; and yet, in so far as it is aleatory, and a peril sensibly touching them, it does truly season the men's lives. Of those who fail, I do not speak—despair should be sacred; but to those who even modestly succeed, the changes of their life bring interest; a job found, a shilling saved, a dainty earned, all these are wells of pleasure springing afresh for the successful poor; and it is not from these but from the villadweller that we hear complaints of the unworthiness of life. Much, then, as the average of the proletariat would gain in

this new state of life, they would also lose a certain something, which would not be missed in the beginning, but would be missed progressively and progressively lamented. Soon there would be a looking back; there would be tales of the old world humming in young men's ears, tales of the tramp and the pedlar and the hopeful emigrant. And in the stall-fed life of the successful ant-heap—with its regular meals, regular duties, regular pleasures, an even course of life, and fear excluded—the vicissitudes, delights, and havens of to-day will seem of epic breadth. This may seem a shallow observation; but the springs by which men are moved lie much on the surface. Bread, I believe, has always been considered first, but the circus comes close upon its heels. Bread we suppose to be given amply; the cry for circuses will be the louder, and if the life of our descendants be such as we have conceived, there are two beloved pleasures on which they will be likely to fall back; the pleasures of intrigue and of sedition.

In all this I have supposed the ant-heap to be financially sound. I am no economist, only a writer of fiction; but even as such, I know one thing that bears on the economic question—I know the imperfection of man's faculty for business. The Anarchists, who count some rugged elements of common sense among what seems to me their tragic errors, have said upon this matter all that I could wish to say, and condemned beforehand great economical polities. So far it is obvious that they are right; they may be right also in predicting a period of communal independence, and they may even be right in thinking that desirable. But the rise of communes is none the less the end of economic equality, just when we were told it was beginning. Communes will not be all equal in extent, nor in quality of soil, nor in growth of population; nor will the surplus produce of all be equally marketable. It will be the old story of competing interests, only with a new unit; and, as it appears to me, a new inevitable danger. For the merchant and the manufacturer, in this new world, will be a sovereign commune; it is a sovereign power that will see its crops undersold, and its manufactures worsted in the market. And all the more dangerous that the sovereign power should be small. Great powers are slow to stir; national affronts, even with the aid of newspapers, filter slowly into popular consciousness; national losses are so unequally shared, that one part of



the population will be counting its gains while another sits by a cold hearth. But in the sovereign commune all will be centralized and sensitive. When jealousy springs up, when (let us say) the commune of Poole has overreached the commune of Dorchester, irritation will run like quicksilver throughout the body politic; each man in Dorchester will have to suffer directly in his diet and his dress; even the secretary, who drafts the official correspondence, will sit down to his task embittered, as a man who has dined ill and may expect to dine worse; and thus a business difference between communes will take on much the same color as a dispute between diggers in the lawless West, and will lead as directly to the arbitrament of blows. So that the establishment of the communal system will not only reintroduce all the injustices and heart-burnings of economic inequality, but will, in all human likelihood, inaugurate a world of hedgerow warfare. Dorchester will march on Poole, Sherborne on Dorchester, Wimborne on both; the wagons will be fired on as they follow the highway, the trains wrecked on the lines, the ploughman will go armed into the field of tillage; and if we have not a return of ballad literature, the local press at least will celebrate in a high vein the victory of Cerne Abbas or the reverse of Toller Porcorum. At least this will not be dull; when I was younger, I could have welcomed such a world with relief; but it is the new-old with a vengeance, and irresistibly suggests the growth of military powers and the foundation of new empires. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

---

From The Spectator.  
THE MOATED GRANGE.

IT lies in an untrodden valley in the heart of England; for even in the very heart of England such valleys are still to be found, where the call of the bird has not been silenced by the shriek of the steam-whistle, and where the sky is not clouded, nor the air fouled, with smoke. Of the situation of this particular valley I shall give no clearer hint, for I would fain keep its pathways untrodden for a few years more, and its profound peace unbroken. How I stumbled upon it and its Moated Grange was on this wise. He and I, being parsons in a somewhat dreary midland town, are wont to indulge in a habit much to be commended to all par-

sons so placed; on Saturdays we take what, after Goldsmith, we call "a shoemaker's holiday."

"Come, my dear boy," said Goldsmith once to one of his friends, after an early morning's work (such a morning's work it was too,—the ten lines of the "Deserted Village" beginning with "Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease"), "come, and if you are not better engaged, I would be glad to enjoy a shoemaker's holiday with you." Then off through the fields they went to Highbury Barn, where was a very good dinner to be had for tenpence, including a penny for the waiter; on again, getting a dish of tea somewhere else, and so back to town at last, and supper in Fleet Street—"the whole expenses of the day's *fête* being from three-and-sixpence to four shillings, for which the party obtained good air and exercise, good living, the example of simple manners, and good conversation." We began our "shoemaker's holiday" by making in the train for a famous hill—a hill whose fame at least is known throughout the midlands—whose slopes are still clothed with remnants of that primeval forest which once shaded so large a tract of mid-England. The hill is enclosed now,—private property; but on a shoemaker's holiday we are so far communists as to reck little of such restrictions; so, turning out of the highroad not far from the railway station, we passed by a lane and over a fence into the wood, no man hindering us, and then through sylvan glades ascending, where once Gurth tended his swine while Wamba gibed, and where now fell softly the shine and shadows of the fair February day, we reached the summit. Then, and not till then, we were confronted by a notice-board threatening vengeance on trespassers; but what could the most law-loving of citizens do then, except, like the king of France, go down the hill again?—and that, notice or not notice, it was our fixed purpose to do when we had looked about us for a while. But not by the same side as we had ascended. Smoking chimneys lay in that direction still visible, and the great wheels of the mines. We would lose ourselves in the unknown valleys beyond. So, having taken our bearings, we plunged into the wood again by another track; near by, where this at last gave upon a highroad, stood what was to be our Highbury Barn, a lone alehouse, whose signboard spoke of the old forest days. In such a place, had it only been on the Berkshire moors, one might have found, "on the warm ingle bench," the

scholar-gipsy "seated at our entering." Here we made our midday meal at a less cost than Goldsmith his, — sevenpence each, and no penny to the waiter, for waiter there was none, other than mine host. But who is this that enters upon us contentedly munching our bread and cheese? —

The outlandish garb, the figure spare,  
The dark vague eyes and soft abstracted air,

proclaim to us that here, indeed, *is* the scholar-gipsy, strayed thus far from his accustomed haunts. Shyly he stole in and spread out his poor lean hands to the fire, as though he would have gathered in his grasp some stock of warmth to carry away with him. Shyly he had stolen in, and suddenly, at a word from mine host, he vanished. Who was he? Mine host reckoned he was a tramp, making belike for Leicester and work. We knew better — knew that he looked not for work, but "waited for the spark from heaven to fall;" and that at night, far from towns, he "would seek the straw in some sequestered grange," in the Moated Grange itself, perhaps, to which we have been so long in coming. But, courage! we are very near it now. Yet just one glance at another of the company before we pay our sevenpences and go. To the scholar-gipsy succeeded another character we knew, Granfer Cattle, of "The Return of the Native," or his midland cousin; like him, with the "voice of a bee up a flue," and with a face that seemed at first to be "merely a nose and a chin," he came in with tottering gait and doubled back; but under the inspiriting influence of fire, small-beer, and appreciative company, consisting, besides ourselves, of two stolid countrymen, his well-known merry way came back to him, and he would fain turn to ridicule for our benefit the frailties of Gaffer Somebody-else who lived "t'other side th' wood." "He be a croffin' old thing, he be; he goes a this way; be danged if he don't, — hee! hee! hee!" And the abandoned old mimic got up and hobbled round the room chuckling, his back now one shade more bent by art than it had been by nature before, and his tread shakier. What further excesses of merriment he indulged in I cannot record, for at this point we departed. Behind the alehouse, a pathway led through another and a smaller wood, and over another and a lower hill. Beyond the wood, the valley of the Moated Grange lay at our feet in all its perfect stillness; no sound was in the air but that of liquid music descend-

ing to earth from some invisible fount of song above us; no sign of life was visible, till on the uplands far away across the valley, we descried a solitary husbandman guiding his plough through the rich red soil. In the bed of the valley was the Moated Grange, a motley group of buildings, grey and red; and forsaking our pathway, which turned now to meet the highroad again, we made straight for it across the fields.

The Grange was once a prior's lodging, and it is still backed by the ruined tower and south wall of the priory church. West of it, a tiny stream babbles down the valley, which, banked up to the north of the church, forms a lake that once supplied the good monks' Lenten fare; its unruffled surface now reflects the bushes that have grown up round its bank, the ivy-covered tower, and the clouds that float lazily over the enchanted valley, the pictured life of shadows below being hardly stiller than the substantial life above. Approaching from the west, we crossed the stream by stepping-stones, and passing between the church and the lake, came round to the eastern side, where the moat which encloses all the buildings is crossed by a little bridge. Over this we passed, and found ourselves in the close in front of the Grange. What a picture it is! The house of grey stone, patched here and there with brick, all overgrown with tangled creepers, and surmounted by tall red-brick chimneys, above which, again, tower the ruins of the church. It is a farmhouse now; at least, I suppose it is, for there are farm buildings and sheds all round, but of living laborers no sign, and

The broken sheds look sad and strange,  
Unlifted is the clinking latch,  
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch  
Upon the lonely moated grange.

As we stood there, a regiment of cows came leisurely in single file along the valley from their pasturage, as if for the evening milking; but what voice called them home, or whose hands would milk them, unless the ghostly voice and hands of some lay brother long dead, we could not guess. The leader of the file stood still as she caught sight of us, struck motionless with amazement at so unwonted an appearance as men of flesh and blood presented. But now we tried "the clinking latch," and hammered at the Grange door, for we would fain get some information as to our further way. Our blows only echoed and re-echoed sadly through the seeming empty house. Mariana of

the midlands, if there were one, like her sister of the eastern fens, knew that "he" had not come, and cared nothing for "the voices that called her from without." The shadows were lengthening, and the "clanging rookery" began to stream homeward from afar across the sky. We must be gone, and leave the place to its ghostly guardians.

We had a vague idea that somewhere to the east lay a large manufacturing town, whence the train might carry us home. In that direction we set our faces, yet turned once more on the brow of the hill that shut in the valley on that side; and as we turned, the sound of a church bell was floated to our ears by the evening breeze. Mariana perhaps heard it in her lonely chamber in the dreamy house, and solaced herself with the thought that, —

Be the day weary, or be the day long,  
At length it ringeth to evensong.

But for us the day had been neither long nor weary, but full of the charm that George Eliot somewhere says all February days have about them, when the beautiful year lies all before one, full of promise.

W. W. H.

---

From The Evening Standard.  
PLANETARY INFLUENCES.

PALMISTRY may now be said to have reached its zenith, and will soon, no doubt, begin to decline like other popular crazes which have had their day. Some amusement may be derived, however, from studying "Les Mystères de la Main," from which source many of the English manuals of chiromancy are inspired. M. Desbarolles, the great authority on this subject, seems to have had a thorough belief in the science, if it can be called by such a name. The celebrated French palmist is not wanting in a sense of humor, unless, indeed, he is unconsciously funny. For instance, the chapters on planetary influence would provoke a smile even from the most morose of human beings. Jupiter is a very nice planet to be born under, always supposing that he is in a favorable aspect at the time of your birth. In this case your complexion will be fresh, your voice clear, your eyes large and eyelashes long, your cheeks will be firm and fleshy, and there will be a dimple on your chin. But—there is always a but—you will become bald early in life, especially on the top of the head, where the organ of

ambition is to be found. Barring premature baldness, you will have little to complain of under the auspices of this jovial planet. You will give large dinners, at which you will "play a good knife and fork" yourself. You will rise to honor in your profession, and will thoroughly enjoy the lord mayor's show or any other public procession. All goes wrong, however, if Jupiter is unfavorably disposed at the period of your first appearance in the world. In fact, this applies to all the other planets. The description of the persons born under the influences of Saturn is not inviting. They are tall, pale, and thin; their skin is very dark, rough and dry, and wrinkles easily; their hair falls off early. They walk with bent knees, with the eyes fixed upon the ground. They are languid and chilly; their voice is deep and hollow, and they speak slowly. The head of a Saturnian is long, his jaw large, and cheekbones prominent, his eyes sad and often dull, although they become piercing when he is suspicious or angry. Saturn has a strong influence over teeth; often under his sway the patient has a double row, but they soon decay. The "Adam's apple" is very distinct, and the bones of arms and legs are knotty. The Saturnian, among other disagreeable attributes, is subject to varicose veins, his legs become weak before he has arrived at old age, and he is specially liable to accidents involving lameness as an after consequence. His mental condition is far from being an enviable one. He is fond of desolating problems on the immortality of the soul. This state of disquietude has a charm for him. He delights himself in lugubrious ideas. He is led by his instinct towards the study of the occult sciences, and, above all, towards superstitious practices. (It would be interesting to know what the author of "Les Mystères de la Main" calls superstitious.) Damp places and the banks of ponds and lakes have an attraction for the Saturnian. He would prefer always to build his house on a marsh, and retire there to indulge in bitter thoughts. He laughs but seldom, like Henry I., who never smiled again after the loss of his son by shipwreck. "But what did he do when they tickled him, mamma?" asked a small child. Tickling a Saturnian would, as M. Desbarolles could inform us, be labor in vain. Remark that the Jesuits are mostly under the influence of Saturn, and that they have adopted black as their uniform, our author winds up the dreary catalogue of this planet's malign influences by instances of

celebrated men among the ancients who belonged to the Saturnian species. Prisons are consecrated to this unpleasant luminary. The sun, as may be supposed, bestows many advantages on the mortals born under its protection. It confers personal beauty, greatness of soul, and a taste for the fine arts. Honor and riches are also among its favors, but, as usual in the case of planets, it can play the part of the wicked fairy godmother. Under its evil influence men imagine themselves to be poets or misunderstood artists, and persevere, in spite of their want of success, in a career which only brings them contempt and ridicule. But they console themselves, and suffer with resignation, believing themselves to be superior beings. They are destined to perish in strange lands, and particularly by fire. Mercury gives a feeble voice, a complexion of the color of new honey, light brown hair, and a long, pointed chin. Its subjects are active and agile, apt at games which require sleight of hand. Dancers and acrobats belong to this category. This planet quickens the intelligence, and bestows eloquence and tact. Under its unfavorable aspect it confers an ugly, grimacing face. Men are often hunchbacks when born under such circumstances; they are also thieves, untruthful, and envious. Mars turns out a very different order of beings. They are above the middle height, and strongly built without being heavy. Their skin is hard and red, especially about the ears. The white of the eye is bloodshot, the nostrils open and dilated, and they frown easily. Punch is an exaggerated type of the individual born under the influence of Mars. The movements of such persons are rapid and abrupt; they have "devastating gestures," as M. Desbarolles remarks. Servants who break much crockery are under the sway of this planet. It will readily be imagined that a perverse aspect of Mars multiplies assassins, highwaymen, and rioters. Gentle Luna offers a pleasing contrast to her irascible neighbor in her dealings with the human race. The infant born while she is in the ascendant has a round head, a white, pallid complexion, and spongy muscles. Its face is broad and full, eyes prominent, and of a grayish blue. The eyebrows are faintly marked, and the chin somewhat retreating. As the child grows up, he will be found to be changeable, capricious, and egotistical; fond of travelling, in order to obey his instinct of inconstancy. Venus resembles Jupiter in the gifts which she

lavishes on her favorites, and it is needless to say that those whom she influences are remarkable for their beauty. They are fond of dress and ornament, sing willingly when they are asked, and seem to be altogether pleasant sort of people. All artists are more or less under the influence of Venus. Fortunately for every one, no planet rules the roast completely. There are generally two or more which preside at every birth, so that Saturn's disagreeable proclivities may be tempered by the pleasant qualities of Jupiter. Mercury and Saturn form a sinister conjunction, and when Venus has a finger in the pie the result is often a fatal love affair. In this case an ugly woman is often able to excite a passion as violent as it is inexplicable. Persons about to marry should be careful to choose their partners for life according to the planets which guide their destiny. A Saturnian husband could scarcely expect to be happy with a Mercurial wife, nor can those in whom the influence of Mars predominates look forward to a blissful union with the phlegmatic but inconstant nymphs of the moon. The present writer was so much affected by what he had gleaned from the pages of "*Les Mystères de la Main*," that he forthwith despatched six stamps to an astrologer, enclosing at the same time the necessary information as to the year, month, and hour of his birth, and asking the momentous question as to which planet ruled his fate. After a period of suspense the answer came. "You were born under Uranus, an eccentric (*sic*) star." The oracle had spoken, and all the inquirer's expectations were dashed to the ground. He had hoped to hear that he was born under the happy influence of Jupiter and Venus, with perhaps just a suspicion of Mercury thrown in. Instead of this, Uranus, a mere mushroom planet only discovered in 1781, is palmed off upon him. Should he have a round head and spongy muscles, or hard, red skin and dilated nostrils? He knows not, and it is this element of doubt which makes the whole affair so painful. He can discover but little about this outsider among planets. Eccentricity may be pardoned in it, considering its undesirable situation at an immense distance from the sun; but can it be—dreadful thought—that some of its eccentricity is communicated to him? As for the astral fluid on which M. Desbarolles discourses at great length, it seems unlikely that if discharged from this "eccentric star" it would ever reach the person whom it was intended to ben-

efit. The present writer had resolved to have his horoscope cast at the charge of five shillings, but after this experience he changed his mind. Uranus indeed!

---

From St. James's Gazette.  
THE SIGN-LANGUAGE OF EASTERN  
TRADERS.

In the customary open-air markets of Eastern countries—especially in those devoted to transactions in hides, leather, wool, grain, and fruit—it is no uncommon thing to see a couple of sedate-looking traders seated on the ground, each with his right hand concealed in his neighbor's capacious sleeve, and engaged, to all appearance, in squeezing each other's fingers. For a few minutes they will remain in this position, one nudging the other occasionally, but without exchanging a word; and then, rising, they will separate and go their way. Sometimes the performance is varied a little. A couple of merchants will stand in the middle of a brawling and gesticulating crowd by which they are surrounded and observed; one will raise the end of his long robe or unroll the muslin veiling his turban, and under cover of this the pair will begin to clasp hands and fingers as before. The spectacle is extremely funny to the Western traveller who does not understand what is going on; but in point of fact the traders are simply engaged in what they call "fixing the price," or bargaining, by means of a code of manual signs almost universally used by Eastern merchants, who are compelled to do much of their business in the open air, surrounded by people who are quite as curious about every affair in progress as the principals themselves. This system of dealing has been adopted for a very simple reason. Most ordinary transactions between buyer and seller in Eastern markets are carried on with a vast amount of noise, swearing, and gesticulation; but yet more remarkable is the active part taken in the negotiation by the spectators—the idlers, loafers, and busybodies, who abound in all Oriental markets. Every one has something to say, some advice to give or suggestion to make. And as the unwritten code of the East does not permit the parties to resent the meddling of the crowd, it is impossible, under ordinary circumstances, to arrange any matter of business without the knowledge of half the market. And so it is that Moslem merchants avail

themselves of a code of manual signs, expressed by pressure of the hand or finger in concealment.

This code of mercantile signs is in general use throughout the southern parts of western Asia, as well as in the harbors and trading stations of Arabia, the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, and eastern Africa. Apart from the secrecy it ensures, it has the advantage—since the signs are everywhere the same—of enabling traders of different nationalities, to whom the bazaar vernacular is unknown, to buy and sell without the aid of intermediaries. The practice has occasionally been referred to by observant travellers, though the signs themselves have never yet been described. They are extremely simple, few in number, and easily learned. To make a beginning, the would-be buyer opens the business with an offer to purchase, expressed by passing the palm of the hand sideways over the vendor's knuckles. If he grasp the first or index finger of the seller fully extended, the price offered is one, of whatever the coin may be in which tender is customary in the market. A single pressure underneath with the thumb makes this ten; a double pressure, distinctly given, one hundred. The first two fingers taken together signify two; pressure of the thumb underneath, once or twice, raising the figure to twenty or two hundred. In like manner, the first three fingers grasped by the buyer convey an offer of three, thirty, or three hundred; the four fingers, four, forty, or four hundred; and the whole hand five, fifty, or five hundred. The little finger taken by itself signifies six, sixty, or six hundred; the third or ring finger, seven, seventy, or seven hundred; the middle finger, eight, eighty, or eight hundred; and the first or index finger, bent—not extended as for one—is equivalent to nine, ninety or nine hundred. Grasping the thumb alone is a tender of one thousand. Fractions are not less easily expressed. To signify one-half, the buyer passes the thumb sideways across the middle joint of the vendor's middle finger. The same movement in the direction of the knuckle means an addition of one-fourth; while in the contrary direction, towards the finger-tip, it is an offer of a quarter less. The whole nail of the forefinger grasped between thumb and index finger means one-eighth more; the tip of the nail only, an eighth less.

These are the chief signs of this mercantile finger-speech, which can be made to indicate any numbers. For instance, to express 3,540 it is only necessary to



grasp the vendor's thumb three times, the hand once, and then the four fingers together with a distinct single pressure. The sign for 96 is made by taking hold of the seller's index finger, bending it in so doing, and then seizing the little finger. The sign for  $7\frac{1}{2}$  would be given by grasping the little finger, then moving the thumb sideways across the middle joint of the first finger. To express the fraction  $\frac{1}{2}$  it would only be necessary to give the sign for one (grasping the index-finger), and then that for  $\frac{1}{2}$  less by taking hold of the tip of the nail. Of course the buyer, by this means, indicates the highest price he is disposed to offer; while the seller, through the same medium, makes known the lowest terms he is disposed to accept. Equipped with these signs, the Iranian trader from the Persian Gulf has no difficulty in exchanging commodities with the negro dealer from Kordofan and Sennar, and an Englishman, though ignorant of any Eastern tongue, could enter an Oriental market to-morrow and bargain with as much ease as a native of the country.

Disputes arising out of the employment of this manual code in bargaining are not very frequent apparently. Mistakes are not easily made; for though the sign for one, ten, and a hundred, two, twenty, and two hundred, and so on, resemble each other somewhat, it must not be forgotten that the average prices in open markets are well known, and that whatever fluctuations there may be range within narrow limits; so that no merchant would for a moment suppose any buyer was offering ten or a hundred times the average value of any goods in question. Where roguery is attempted, it is done, as a rule, by resorting to some device of another kind. For instance, a merchant who has disposed of a quantity of wheat at a low price will secure the services of a professional grain-measurer when making delivery; and these gentry are such practised hands at their business that they can, in measuring, make an enormous difference in favor of either buyer or seller, according as they are privately fee'd by either of the parties. Now and then, however, disputes as to the price offered and accepted do occur; and then the absence of witnesses, where the bargain was made by signs, leads to awkward complications. But the legal code of Mahomedans is peculiar; and if, by requiring witnesses to prove a negative, it favors an unscrupulous complainant who is prepared to swear to the truth of his demand, it also suggests an easy way out of the difficulty to a defendant

who is not over-scrupulous in resisting an unfounded claim. An instance in point: A Bushire trader bargained for a number of sheep in the usual way for a certain price. Subsequently he came and demanded delivery at a rate one-fourth lower than was agreed upon. The vendor refused, and the buyer summoned him before the local court to enforce the contract as to price. The vendor, of course, had no witnesses to enable him to resist the demand; so he consulted a lawyer, who advised him how to act. He duly appeared before the *cadi* next day and admitted the pursuer's plea as to the price settled between them. Then he swore, after Mahomedan fashion, that he had duly delivered the sheep. As the complainant could produce no witnesses to prove he had *not* received them, he was, of course, non-suited. In most disputes arising out of the employment of the manual signs between traders, the matter is settled by an appeal to the elders of the bazaar; and this, as a rule, is found satisfactory to both parties.

---

From The Spectator.

#### THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

THERE is something of the statue about the figure of the German emperor, grand as it is, something which induces men to forget that it is alive, with brain, and will, and thoughts. They think of its grand appearance, its massive effect, its solidity, and its dignity, and then turn with conventional words of praise to consider the abilities of the artificers who it is imagined made it, and to whom they assign endless credit for that achievement. The predisposing causes of this great error, which will, we believe, be found one day to have made much newspaper history inaccurate, are not difficult to detect. Hardly any great European personage of this century, or, indeed, of any century, has been so little audible as the emperor William. He has made no speeches supposed to be his own, the endless letters which he must have written have not appeared in print, and his sayings have either not been reported from respect, or have not been of the kind which live in reporters' memories. He has been more successfully shrouded than most monarchs within the veil of a rigid etiquette, and has, moreover, been more completely surrounded with officers trained to regard secrecy as of the essence of their duty.

That under such circumstances the mind of a great monarch who has been thrown into shadow throughout his life on the throne by men even greater than himself, should escape close scrutiny, is intelligible; but we do not quite understand why, because his character escapes analysis, it should so often be depreciated. The usual criticism on the emperor, repeated even in laudatory articles, that he is a crowned sergeant-major, is not a natural or instinctive one, but entirely artificial, made up on the theory that a man so anxious for the discipline and drilling of his troops must necessarily be an inferior martinet. Martinet, in the older English sense, the emperor undoubtedly is, like almost every general who has had to make as well as to use an army; but he must be a great deal more. Think of his history! From first to last he has never been a constitutional sovereign, as Englishmen understand constitutional sovereigns; has never swerved from his opinion that the "crown must in Prussia be the pivot of power;" and has never ceased to make that opinion fully executive. He has not been an autocrat, but he has been a king of the older type. Receiving the throne within ten years of a revolution, governing one of the most stiff-necked and critical people in the world, with no glory at first to help him, and with all his agents to select for himself, the prince of Prussia, from the day of his accession, has been master of all around him. He has had ministers who have utterly eclipsed him, and have been objects of bitter national hate and devoted national worship; but there has never been a time when he has not been the ultimate political force, when he could not have dismissed any one, or when a policy directly contrary to his will could have been carried out. There might be a struggle to bend him — there is said to have been one in 1866, when the king wished to annex Bohemia — but it was always necessary, before a decision could be made, to convince the king. The man who could immediately after his weak brother's reign take and keep such a position, who could govern such agents as he selected, who could keep quietly but persistently above such men as Prince Bismarck, Marshal von Moltke, or General von Roon, must have had in him much of the true kingly faculty, — rare force of will, rare fortitude of mind, and, above all, a most rare temperance of judgment. There has been in his life as monarch no trace of a political cataclysm, or even a political escapade. His Richelieu has

had no "day of dupes" to gloat over. And he must have had, in addition, a rare measure of the most useful of kingly qualities, a capacity for understanding men such as is seldom given to monarchs. The emperor William's power of selection amounts to positive genius. Prince Bismarck, when he chose him, was a Pomeranian squire, educated in diplomacy, and apparently a great deal too hot-headed and violent for a diplomatist, — precisely the man, in fact, whom a king less gifted would have pronounced "unsafe." General von Roon was nothing, when he was promoted, but a good officer who had never seen a battle; and Marshal von Moltke was not even a born Prussian subject, but a German of Denmark, who had displayed his abilities chiefly in the Turkish service, and who struck the king with a memorandum on the Turkish army. The king, who, like all kings, is not fond of opposition, and has a weakness for the Count von Arnim kind of man — that is, the man of ability who is a courtier before all things — chose out these three men, each of them perfect in his own way, gave them their opportunity, studied and accepted their advice, and when it proved right, adhered to them with a steady persistence which neither events, nor enemies, nor popular clamor were ever able to shake. The secrets of courts are never accurately known until they have become patent history; but if General von Roon had not enemies, the German army must be exceptional; and if Prince Bismarck has powerful friends other than the emperor and the people, the popular impression has strangely missed the truth. The capacity for being first, unerring judgment in selection, immutable constancy in support, — these are the qualities of a great character, if not of a great mind; and that we believe the old emperor's to be. The "serjeant-major" epithet has this much truth in it, — that his greatness is essentially military in *kind*, that he is an officer doing statesman's work; but it is the officer who makes a perfect chief of the staff, who understands the plans submitted to him, who discerns merit in any one, who can crush down even a rooted feeling as the king did when he merged his Prussian kingship in the grander but newer designation, and who, above all, is never afraid of rivalry. It is all very well to say that any king is above rivalry; but the greatness of his chancellor would have fretted Louis XIV. into spitefulness, and the house of Austria, despite its own view of its unapproachable position, slew Wal-

lenstein, and has never allowed statesman or general—not even the archduke Charles—to remain the first figure in the monarchy. The emperor is not the Charlemagne to whom he is so often compared. He has not the variety of powers possessed by that wonderful intelligence, or his imagination—recollect what the revival of the empire of the West really meant!—or his insight into the springs of spiritual power—compare Charlemagne's conduct towards the papacy with that of Prince Bismarck!—but in strength of character as a whole, he is no unworthy rival to the great monarch of the Middle Ages. The thoroughly understood modern man whom he most resembles is, we think, our own Duke of Wellington, with this difference,—that the emperor probably never would have made a good subordinate, because he never could have convinced his superiors. To bring out his full strength, it was essential that he should be king, and should in the last resort be able to decide alone, in silence, without calling in the aid of what in him probably does not exist, the faculty of persuasiveness.

Of the emperor's inner or moral nature, few persons profess to know anything, and certainly nothing will be accurately known until he has long passed away. He is said not to be without vanity, and Prince Bismarck once uttered a sentence about the vanity of kings in which he made no exception in favor of his own master. Vanity, however, is the foible of successful rulers, who can hardly be expected to disbelieve all they hear and see—even Alexander I. called himself a "happy" accident—and if he is vain, the old monarch is utterly without jealousy. No charge of cruelty has ever been made against him, and his hardness probably arises from a fixed conception of his duty, and from the training, which all successful rulers must pass through, in repressing the easy impulse to pardon and be kind. Every king who reigns for himself must have in him, to do his work, something of the criminal judge, must learn not to feel too much when his function is to condemn. He is said to be a little grasping for his family, liking estates, revenues, and appanages—a belief founded on the events of 1866—and he is, like all the Hohenzollerns, something penurious in reward. Thrift of the larger kind—thrift which expends nothing, whether trained men or treasure, except in precise proportion to the object—is, however, required to make up a character like his, a character at once large and rigid, great within

immovable limitations, and with nothing in it either of Alexander or Julius, or any other of those to whom has been given a nature "divinely lavish, though so oft misspent." There is no misspending in the German emperor, and no lavishness. Either would be utterly foreign to the strong man who, after a youth of storm and stress, and a manhood of rather hopeless work, at ninety still lives in his uniform, still feels himself the pivot of the State, and still likes nothing so well as to show by hours of endurance how vigorous is his remaining vitality. Take him for all in all, with the providences of his history included, Germany will hardly see such another emperor, certainly not another in whom most of her own greatest qualities and all her own limitations are so accurately embodied. Hermann, if he can look on earth, must understand the emperor William quite well, without the tuition he would require to comprehend some not greater monarchs.

---

From Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales's "Cruise of H.M.S. *Bacchante*."

#### THE PASSOVER AT JERUSALEM.

IN the evening at 6.30 we all went with Sir Charles and Lady Wilson and Dr. Chaplin to the celebration of the Passover at the house of the chief rabbi of the Sephardim, Raphael Meyer Panigil, a venerable old man with a white turban and long cloak trimmed and lined with fur, which he wore over his flowing underdress. He was accompanied by Rabbi Nissim Baruch, nearly as old and venerable as himself. They met us at the door of his house, and we went with them into his dining-chamber, where the rest of his family were assembled. It was a long, vaulted room, one half of which was raised as a dais about two feet above the other. Two supper-tables were spread, round which the family at once grouped themselves. The old man's wife in festal dress, his sons and their children, all sat round a circular table on which was placed a large waiter, five feet in diameter, containing the unleavened bread, the harouseth (a kind of thick sauce made of figs, dates, raisins, and vinegar, and said to typify the clay with which their ancestors made bricks in Egypt), the bitter herbs (lettuce, endive, wild celery), to commemorate the bitterness of the Egyptian bondage, and a plate with a large mutton-bone. The supper began by all drinking the first of the

four cups of wine mixed with water which are passed round during the evening, and by giving of thanks to God for the fruit of the vine (St. Luke xxii. 17) and for the day. Then after washing his hands, the rabbi took one of the three large, flat, round loaves of unleavened bread from the table, and nursing it as it were in his arms, blessed it. "Then he brake it and gave it to them all," and they did all eat, mingling with it mouthfuls of the bitter herbs, after dipping them in the sauce. The rabbi then cut off a piece of the loaf and put it away in a napkin for "him that should come," that is the expected Elijah. It was explained that this would be used again later on in the supper — when Elijah does not come — instead of the Paschal lamb. This last was also represented by the mutton-bone on the plate "since the sacrifice and the Temple had ceased." The family then drank the second cup of wine and sang a sort of monotonous chant, and more wine was mixed with water. Then the children of the party asked, "What mean ye by this service?" (Exodus xii. 26.) "How different is this rite from all other rites!" The account given of the Exodus, and Psalms 113 and 114, were then chanted in a monotone in the original Hebrew. This part of the service is called the commemoration, or "showing forth" of the Lord's deeds on their behalf. The rabbi then raised the bread and showed it (like the host), saying, "This is the bread," and the wine, saying, "This is the wine," and in the same way the herbs "of the Lord's ordinance." The hands were then washed a second time.

Then the third cup was drunk, each member of the family reclining a little back from the table, in symbol, we were told, of ease and the new-won freedom of their ancestors from slavery. This would appear to have been the moment when St. John asked, leaning back, "Who is it?" Then the chief rabbi again took bread and brake it and gave it to all that were with him, and dipped it into the dish with the haroseth and the lettuce. The family dipped together two and two, smiling and bowing each to each while so doing (St. John xiii. 26). Then the chief rabbi took "the cup after supper" (the fourth and last, St. Luke xxii. 20; 1 Cor. xi. 25), and the psalms of the great Hallel (115, 116, 117, 118) were sung. We were much impressed by the complete domesticity of the feast. The servants of the family all joined, taking their share at the table below the daïs; the chief rabbi also passed the unleavened bread to us and the haroseth and the bitter herbs as we sat a little apart from the others near the wall, and we ate. The men, the women, and the children were conversing and chatting together at intervals, as at a happy family gathering (St. John xiii.). When we rose to leave, the chief rabbi chanted a prayer, invoking blessings on the queen of England, on the Prince and Princess of Wales, and every member of their family. The whole ceremony lasted two hours. As we walked home through the streets of the Jewish quarter we heard other families celebrating the Passover with closed doors.

**THE GRAIN TRADE.**—The Senate Committee on transportation routes to the seaboard has just completed a report, covering not only the subject of transportation, but giving in tabular form the progress of the various grain-producing countries. Thirty-three years ago America produced 100,000,000 bushels of wheat and about 600,000,000 bushels of corn. Twice in recent years we have reached 500,000,000 bushels of wheat, and in 1885 the corn crop reached 1,800,000,000 bushels, a fivefold increase in wheat, and a threefold increase in corn. In fifty-eight years wheat has added £520,000,000 to the value of our national production. The committee has tabulated the purchase of wheat by England for the two periods of 1836 to 1842 and 1843 to 1883. In the first period the United States

furnished less than 1 per cent.; while in the second period it supplied 54 per cent. As an importer to England, the United States is now first, with Russia second, and Germany third; but the rapid change in eleven years of British India from the thirteenth position to the fourth, is the most striking feature of the summary. In the next decade Germany will be practically out of the race, and it is more than probable that India will contest with the United States for the first position. In the prices of wheat for a series of years, in the principal countries of the world, India shows lowest, ranging from 3s. 10d. per bushel to 4s.; Russia next, from 4s. 2d. to 5s.; Australia ranks third. The average price of wheat at the principal grain port of England was exactly 6s.

Scientific American.







# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.



**I**N 1887 THE LIVING AGE enters upon its forty-fourth year. It has met with the constant commendation of the leading men and journals of the country, and with uninterrupted success.

**A WEEKLY MAGAZINE**, it gives fifty-two numbers of sixty-four pages each, or more than **Three and a Quarter Thousand** double-column octavo pages of reading-matter yearly. It presents in an inexpensive form, considering its great amount of matter, with freshness, owing to its weekly issue, and with a completeness nowhere else attempted, The best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Serial and Short Stories, Sketches of Travel and Discovery, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical, and Political Information, from the entire body of Foreign Periodical Literature, and from the pens of

## The Foremost Living Writers.

The ablest and most cultivated intellects, in every department of Literature, Science, Politics, and Art, find expression in the Periodical Literature of Europe, and especially of Great Britain.

The Living Age, forming four large volumes a year, furnishes from the great and generally inaccessible mass of this literature, the only compilation that, while within the reach of all, is satisfactory in the **COMPLETENESS** with which it embraces whatever is of immediate interest, or of solid, permanent value.

It is therefore **Indispensable** to every one who wishes to keep pace with the events or intellectual progress of the time, or to cultivate in himself or his family general intelligence and literary taste.

## OPINIONS.

"The best of all the serial publications. . . It presents all that is best, most interesting, and profitable to be found in the current literature of the day. The reader is kept abreast with the best thought of the age, political, scientific, and literary, while there is just fiction enough interspersed between the more solid papers to be restful and entertaining. To our mind, THE LIVING AGE has no equal, and we cannot see where it could be improved."—*Christian at Work, New York.*

"The aim of the conductors is to give the best and freshest thought of the time; and in this they are succeeding now, as for so many years, to the great satisfaction and profit of a multitude of at once exacting and satisfied readers."—*New-York Evangelist.*

"It contains nearly all the good literature of the time. . . There is nothing noteworthy in science, art, literature, biography, philosophy, or religion, that cannot be found in it. . . It is a library in itself."—*The Churchman, New York.*

"To have THE LIVING AGE is to hold the keys of the entire world of thought, of scientific investigation, psychological research, critical note, of poetry and romance. . . It has never been so bright, so comprehensive, so diversified in interest, as it is to-day."—*Boston Evening Traveller.*

"Every volume attests anew the care and discrimination and catholic taste of its conductors. . . Nearly the whole world of authors and writers appear in it in their best moods. . . Art, science, and literature find fresh and eloquent expression in its pages, from the pens of the best writers of the day; and the reader is kept well abreast of the current thought of the age."—*Boston Journal.*

"It may be truthfully and cordially said that it never offers a dry or valueless page."—*New-York Tribune.*

"It is edited with great skill and care, and its weekly appearance gives it certain advantages over its monthly rivals."—*Albany Argus.*

"It is one of the publications that intelligent people regard as practically indispensable. From its pages one learns what the world is thinking about. . . It is an education in itself, as well as an entertainment."—*Hartford Courant.*

"The American reader who wishes to keep the run of English periodical literature can do so in no other way so thoroughly and cheaply as by taking THE LIVING AGE."—*Springfield Republican.*

"Terribly should we miss its familiar russet garb, its exterior by no means revealing its true inwardness of poetry, history, philosophy, and romance. . . It is without a peer, with hardly a second."—*Lowell Courier.*

"Through its pages alone, it is possible to be as well informed in current literature as by the perusal of a long list of monthlies."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"A grand repository of the literature of the age. . . It has become indispensable."—*New-York Observer.*

"The subscription price is slight in comparison with the mass of the best current literature which it brings with it in its weekly visits. . . In fact, a reader needs no more than this one publication to keep him well abreast of English periodical literature."—*Sunday-School Times, Philadelphia.*

"Foremost of the eclectic periodicals."—*New-York World.*

"It is a necessity for those who, with no great amount of time available for literary reading, wish to keep fully abreast with the literature of the day."—*The Interior, Chicago.*

"It furnishes a complete compilation of an indispensable literature."—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

"It enables its readers to keep fully abreast of the best thought and literature of civilization."—*Christian Advocate, Pittsburg.*

"It saves not only time, but money."—*Pacific Churchman, San Francisco.*

"It is absolutely without a rival. . . Coming once a week, it gives, while yet fresh, the productions of the foremost writers of the day. Essay and review, biography, travel, science, fiction, poetry, the best of each and all is here placed within reach. To neglect such an opportunity of keeping pace with the thought of our day, and of laying by a rich store of the best literature, would, it seems to us, be a grave mistake."—*Monireal Gazette.*

"It keeps well up its reputation for being the best periodical in the world."—*Morning Star, Wilmington, N.C.*

**PUBLISHED WEEKLY at \$8.00 a year, free of postage.**

## CLUB PRICES FOR THE BEST HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

"Possessed of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, and of one or other of our vivacious American monthlies, a subscriber will find himself in command of the whole situation."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

For \$10.50, THE LIVING AGE and any one of the four-dollar monthly magazines (or Harper's Weekly or Bazar) will be sent for a year, with postage prepaid on both; or, for \$9.50, THE LIVING AGE and the St. Nicholas, postpaid.

ADDRESS

**LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford St., Boston.**

THE ONLY REMAINING  
COMPLETE SETS  
OF  
THE LIVING AGE,  
AT A LARGE DISCOUNT.

---

The publishers have a small number of Complete Sets of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, which they offer at a large reduction from former prices.

As the Sets cannot be reprinted, the last opportunity is now offered not only to procure them cheaply, but to procure them at all.

The last number of the year 1872 completed the *Fourth Series*, and the *One Hundred and Fifteenth Volume*, from the beginning of the publication. The regular price of volumes has been, in numbers, *two dollars* per volume, or, bound in cloth, *three dollars* per volume. The publishers now offer the Complete Sets to the close of 1872 (115 volumes), as follows:—

In numbers, or sheets, ready for binding, at one-half the subscription price, viz.: \$1.00 per volume; or, bound in black cloth, gilt lettered backs, at \$1.75 per volume.

Purchasers of Complete Sets of the First Four Series may at their option, include the whole, or any part, of the *Fifth Series*, to the end of 1886 (56 volumes), at the same rate.

A few surplus sets of the FIRST SERIES (36 volumes), remain, which will be sold separately, at the same rate, if desired. No other *Series* can be sold separately.

It is hardly necessary to say to those acquainted with the work, that the same amount of such valuable reading cannot otherwise be purchased with three times the money for which it is here offered; and while this reduction in price places Sets within the reach of individuals possessing or forming private libraries, the attention of those interested in State, City, Town, College, or School Libraries is particularly called to this last opportunity of supplying their shelves with a complete work which it is believed no library in the country can (under this offer) afford to be without.

When packing boxes are necessary in forwarding Sets, the cost of the boxes will be added to the bill. Address

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford Street, Boston.